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Memoir of Mrs. Louisa A.
Lowrie, of the Northern

Louisa de Lowrie

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. LOUISA A. LOWRIE,

OF THE NORTHERN INDIA MISSION :

BY THE

REV. ASHBEL G. FAIRCHILD.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION,

BY THE

REV. ELISHA P. SWIFT.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

PHILADELPHIA:

WILLIAM S. MARTIEN,

S. E. CORNER OF SEVENTH AND GEORGE STREETS.

1837.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1837, by J. C. Lowrie, in trust for the Presbyterian Foreign Missionary Society, in the office of the Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

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INTRODUCTION.

Man is, in himself, a lost, ruined, and perishing sinner. Of this fact, the world is full of the most convincing evidence. The Bible professes to reveal to us God's true and only system of salvation. This is a dispensation of life to guilty man through a Mediator, and it is also a distinct practical principle of the heart and life, developing itself by the production of a free self-consecration of its recipients to the glory of God, and the well-being of mankind. Its vital power—its ascendency over the inner man, in the production of pure and holy principles and actions, is an essential evidence of one's interest in its blessings; while the most abundant and convincing

manifestations of it to others becomes the surest way by which its great Author is honoured and the world improved. Hence the lives of devoted Christians become useful and instructive, just in proportion as they are truly and wisely conformed to the great pattern; and the examples and biographies of eminent believers stimulate the pious in the path of duty, and impress the consciences of the wicked with a sense of their criminality.

Periods of great trial and persecution in the world, and seasons in which God has, by his providence, especially called forth the visible power of religion, or remarkably poured out his Spirit upon the earth, for its increase, have been most distinguished for the development of the Christian principle. The present state of the world is peculiarly favourable to its useful display

in judicious and disinterested efforts to bring millions of benighted and perishing sinners into the kingdom of God. The temporal and eternal benefits which the gospel can impart to the heathen are beyond all computation: and the Bible, while it urges the duty of its immediate dissemination, pledges its own veracity for the certainty that it shall eventually overspread the world. The events of providence are now more and more distinctly every year indicating the near approach of that joyful consummation.

The labour and the self-denial, however, which a personal engagement in the missionary service in foreign lands requires, is so great, and the zeal of the disciples to spread the triumphs of the cross among remote and barbarous tribes of men is so small, that it must be long indeed before such a re-

sult can be anticipated, unless there is a very great increase of the true heroic and enterprising spirit of primitive times. Whatever tends to promote this, and to deepen the longing desires of the visible family of God that His "kingdom *may come*" and His "*will be done*" in the "*dark places*" of the earth, should be earnestly encouraged. There are therefore three ends which may be proposed in the act of consecration to the work of Foreign Missions, on the part of a sincere and devoted servant of Christ. This may be chosen like any other form of christian action, *to exemplify the practical influence of real piety*—or, from a desire by a sincere and cordial and self-denied example of this sort, *to aid and countenance the important and too much neglected duty of carrying the gospel to the heathen*, or finally from the hope of

a *direct and immediate usefulness to the heathen themselves.* The two former of these objects will be attained wherever love to Christ and holy principle is the moving cause, however brief or disastrous may be the effort itself. It is a great mistake therefore to suppose that the great moral ends of the undertaking are defeated, when the heralds of christianity are cut down by the stroke of death before they enter upon the work; or where no actual conversions have been made. This would be to make the value of every effort to glorify the Redeemer to depend upon the measure of success which attended it, and imply a course of reasoning manifestly incompatible with fact. In proportion as the readers of this MEMOIR are satisfied of the purity of the motives and the real genuine zeal for God and the souls of the heathen, which

actuated its subject in giving herself to the work, to that extent, certainly, she will not have run in vain, nor will the interests of Missions fail of a just remuneration. The moral *effect of her example* as a Christian will not be lost; nor will that purpose to bear a self-denied part in the conversion of the world, which she was not permitted to execute "by reason of death," be to the heathen, as though it had never been. Let no one say then, on closing this narrative of the short career of one who, though she early gave herself to the enterprise, did not live to reach her destined field, that she went out and died in vain. She has left a precious memorial of her faith, and she has left for missions an example which will long be remembered.

The *character* and the *principal events* in the history of Mrs. Lowrie

will be presented in the following pages, and all that this Introduction will be expected to say of her, will consist of such facts and impressions as a brief acquaintance, at the time of her embarkation for India, may suggest.

When Mrs. Lowrie accepted the proposal of spending her days in India, she was understood to enjoy an ordinarily sound and vigorous state of health. During the following winter, however, a change occurred, so that at the time of her marriage and when, soon after, she met her associates in Philadelphia, to make immediate preparations for the voyage, she exhibited symptoms of disease sufficient to awaken considerable apprehension. There appeared to be the partial development of the hectic cough, and other indications of decline, but it was the opinion of the medical

gentlemen, whom her friends consulted, that the voyage and change of climate would remove every ground of apprehension. To her own mind, as she stated in conversation, but a few hours before she sailed for India, there appeared to be but little probability of such an issue, but the prospect seemed to increase rather than diminish her desire to press forward as far as she could, in her intended work. Her own ardent wishes, and the strong presumption, that if she should be blessed with a prosperous voyage, she might hope to land in India in as sound a state of health as any of her associates, together with the increasing improbability of her living if she remained in this country, left no room for hesitation as to the course to be pursued. Her malady had not in the mean time visibly wasted her strength, nor left any of

the ordinary marks of its indelible impression; and she went forward with her preparations and made and received the calls and civilities of that important period like one in perfect health.

In the religious circles of Philadelphia, *Mrs. Lowrie* was at this period an object of uncommon interest. Her modest and retiring deportment—the candour, mildness, and affection of her intercourse—the gravity and unaffected simplicity of her manners, and the entire tranquillity and composure of her mind amidst the exciting scenes of a final separation from her friends and native land, united as they were with the marks of an enfeebled and delicate state of health, seemed to throw a peculiar attractiveness around her person. She constantly adverted to the solemn and important step

which she was taking, and the danger of improper motives in engaging in it, and of delusive impressions as to the nature of the work; and the state of her mind, fully showed with what earnestness and solemnity she had examined herself on this point. The result manifestly was that while she possessed a clear conviction that she had sincerely consecrated her talents and her life to God on the Missionary altar, she was prepared to meet its separations and its trials with undisturbed tranquillity, and a steady confidence in God.

These impressions she left upon the minds of all with whom she was conversant, when she finally bade adieu to her native shores; and the composure and spiritual enjoyment which attended the remaining months of her abode on

earth, will appear from her letters and her journal.

If we follow her as she enters upon this embassy of mercy, how touching, and indeed sublime, is the spectacle! Away upon the mighty ocean, remote alike from the country of her birth and the abode of the benighted pagans to whom she desires to carry the word of life, she meets and suffers without regret or despondency, and amidst the ceaseless rocking and agitation of a vessel at sea, the lingering exhaustions of a confirmed and wasting consumption. Even here, her mind, still intent upon glorifying Jehovah-Jesus in the spread of his gospel, and upon the eternal good of man, sighs to participate in the toils and privations of a missionary life, and burns with a hallowed zeal to press forward to the work; while her body broken down

by disease, can no longer sympathize with it in these ardent aspirations, or sustain its devoted tenant until she reaches the destined field of labour. Between the enlarged and heroic purposes and desires of the mind, and the weakness and debility of its outward tabernacle, what an affecting contrast! The Redeemer looks down upon the unmurmuring sufferer as she is tossed upon the great deep, and accepts the willing offering, while she who makes it is released from those cares and hardships which it was in her heart to meet.

When *Mrs. Lowrie* arrived in Calcutta she was too much spent for a full exhibition of her character to the minds of the kind and valued friends by whom the mission was most cordially received. Her intelligent intercourse, and ardent piety and affec-

tionate simplicity of manners, had left a very deep impression upon the minds of the officers and all the inmates of the ship, and we have reason to know, that brief as was the period of her residence there, no indistinct traces of the same impression were left in the little circle of her acquaintance in *India*. As her christian experience had been distinguished by a deep, solid, abiding enjoyment of God, and a firm hope in the merits of the Redeemer, so her life closed with a blessed assurance of her interest in the promises, and a sweet repose as it were on the Saviour's bosom.

"*She being dead yet speaketh*," and

I. This brief Memoir will, we think, present such exercises and devotional frames of mind, and such marks of the *gracious influence of religion upon the heart* as will be *highly useful to*

others, irrespective entirely of her missionary character.

The transforming power of the Gospel—its happy tendency to mould the heart and affections, and prompt to every form of virtuous and benevolent action, was in her case strikingly exemplified. Young Christians especially, will find in her letters and journal many useful hints, while the whole will tend to deepen their sense of the practicability and the blessedness of that habitual and intimate communion with God which she enjoyed.

Her biography we trust will have

II. A tendency to illustrate the excellence and importance of *the union of deep internal piety and holiness with the outward manifestations of Christian activity and visible consecration to God.* Amidst the ardency of excitement, and the air of romance which is so often connected with the Foreign Mis-

sionary subject, there is doubtless great need of caution. There is a moral grandeur in the act of leaving home and country, never to see them more; in crossing oceans and traversing remote and dangerous portions of the globe, for the single object of the salvation of the heathen, which upon a lively imagination and an ardent temperament is fitted to make a powerful impression: and especially when viewed in connection with the exciting scenes which attend the departure of these beloved servants of Christ from the friends and churches with which they have been conversant. There is great danger, therefore, that a sort of morbid enthusiasm may lead persons to desire and even embark in the work, whose depth of established piety, and previous habits of humble and devoted usefulness may not be such as the undertaking re-

quires; and to whom, after all, the sober realities of the service may prove irksome and unpleasant. If we are not deceived, the example of Mrs. Lowrie, taken in connexion with the history of her Christian character here given, will tend to produce a very different impression of the motives and principles which should be connected with such a consecration.

Very soon after she became savingly interested in the Redeemer, she not only entered deeply into the realities of a habitual communion with God, but exemplified the principles of practical Christianity, in a readiness to promote in every possible way the good of all to whom she could be useful. In the toils of Sabbath-school instruction, and the labour of benevolent and devotional associations, she bore a willing part, and the house of affliction and the bedside of sickness witnessed

her assiduous endeavours to alleviate distress, and kindly administer to the temporal and spiritual wants of the afflicted. Thus in her meditative and conscientious walk with God, and her active efforts to do good in its humblest and most retired forms, we behold the gradual development of just such a tone of piety as befits the Missionary enterprise, and as enables its possessor to engage in it without the appearance of incongruity. Let those who would share in the delightful privilege of conveying the "Lamp of Life" to benighted souls in heathen lands, prayerfully study this subject, and remember that a real desire to imitate the Saviour and do good to the souls of others will, if it exist, appear as well in the scenes of ignorance, and want, and sorrow, *at home*, as in the more public act of engaging in a mission *abroad*.

III. We hope and trust that this little volume, like the Memoirs of *Mrs. Newell*, *Mrs. Judson*, *Mrs. Winslow*, and *others*, will be made to exert an honoured instrumentality in *promoting* the genuine *spirit of Missions*, and more especially *among* the *female members of the Redeemer's* family in our land. The great enterprise of the world's evangelization is just commencing, and a long and favoured train of devoted MESSENGERS of the CROSS are to arise, and move on in hosts, in what is now the unfrequented path of evangelical labours. Salvation is surely to be published unto all nations. There is now in the classes of our Infant and Sabbath schools, many a young and tender heart which is hereafter to glow with intense desire to spread in far distant and pagan climes, the wonders of redemption, and unborn generations are to swell

the lists of names, illustrious on earth and dear to heaven, for the display of ardent and holy zeal in the Missionary work. As one of the *pioneers* in this self-denied service, is it too much to hope that the amiable and devoted subject of this Memoir, may, like her sainted sisters already mentioned, contribute more by her early death than by a long and active life, thus to widen and extend the kingdom of her Saviour? In future time, when all that now live shall be in their graves, may not the meek, and sensible, and glowing sentiments on this subject, here recorded as her private thoughts, be sought with avidity, and read with profound interest, by the future daughters of our American churches? Her education, her worldly prospects and standing in society, her personal and mental endowments, and especially her deep, and searching views of reli-

gion, and the elevated tone of her piety, united with the fact of her cheerful self-consecration to the work, will all conspire to give energy and force to her counsels and her example.

Yes, her sweet and affectionate spirit, her humble and unpretending love to the Saviour, will re-appear in the character and piety of others, whose earthly destiny is to be hereafter perhaps most closely identified with the greatest and most precious of all mortal charges, the publication of the gospel to every creature, and the renovation of the world.

To *pious young ladies* of intelligence and education in our country, the writer would, therefore, especially commend the sentiments and example developed in this Memoir.

Louisa Lowrie felt that her Saviour conferred upon her a distinguished honour in sending her far from her

native home, on an errand of mercy to the degraded females of benighted India; and her last kind wishes for them, were that some *among you* might be raised up to fill her place; and her last lingering look as she sunk into the grave, was turned with this fond hope towards her native shores. There is a patience of endurance, a buoyancy of hope, and a fervour of devotion, connected with the female character, which is so well adapted to the work of Foreign Missions as it now exists, as to make it manifest that *they* are to sustain an important part in this honoured enterprise, and whether it is your allotment personally to engage in it or not, it is important to its prosperity and to your own usefulness in other spheres of duty, that you should be replenished with the spirit which it fosters. What are the graces and charms of person—the gayeties of

fashionable life, or the fascinations of wealth and honour, when you contemplate the great realities of eternity? How do they compare with that heavenliness of mind, which not only fits your sex for the sweet fulfilment of all that is implied in the endeared relations of sister, child, wife and mother, and to exemplify those graces and virtues which adorn and bless society, but also to take an active part in all those enterprises of benevolence which are the glory of our times? The rose of health soon fades from the cheek of beauty—the days of amusement and youthful pleasure soon pass on their returnless way, and the heart unblessed with piety faints amidst the inadequate, and empty, and fleeting enjoyments of time and sense; but in the results of eminent piety and exemplary usefulness, there are joys which never end.

The millions of pagan lands perish-

ing without the light of revelation, are *now* addressing their appeal to *you*, as well as to other portions of the Redeemer's family: and as Sabbath School Instructers and active devoted Christians, if never as assistant missionaries, how much may you do for their eternal good, if your hearts but become deeply and permanently enlisted for them? Thus may you show your gratitude to him who laid down his life for you, by your sympathy for those who have never known his name; and thus also become the happy sharers in the joy of that song, with which the whole militant and triumphant church shall celebrate the wonders of redemption, when "*the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ.*"

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Memoir of Mrs. L. A. Lowrie, is compiled almost entirely from her letters and private papers. The remarks which have been *added* are intended chiefly to arrange in the order of time the circumstances mentioned in her writings, with a brief reference occasionally to events in her life. These remarks have been intentionally few, in order to admit the insertion of as large a portion of her papers as the narrow limits of the volume would contain. The labour of the compiler has been employed principally in *selection* and *abridgement*.

The profits arising from the sale of the work will be devoted to the cause of Missions, under the care of the Presbyterian Foreign Missionary Society.

MEMOIR, &c.

The subject of these Memoirs was a daughter of Thomas and Mary Wilson, of Morgantown, Monongalia county, Virginia,* and was born November 2, 1809. From her childhood, she was remarkable for her sensibility and amiableness. At the age of seven years, she was bereaved of one of the best of mothers, whose pious example, and instructions, exerted a very great influence over her future character. If it were the object of this record to give a complete

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* Thomas Wilson, Esq., was descended of a respectable family of that name in Rockbridge county, Virginia. In his earlier years he removed to Morgantown, and engaged in the profession of the Law, which he successfully pursued till his death. He was frequently elected to the Assembly, and Senate of the state of Virginia; and once represented his district in Congress. He was a gentleman deservedly held in the highest estimation for his strict integrity, and his public usefulness. He died in the year 1826.

history of her life, instead of memoirs only of her Christian and Missionary character, it would be clearly seen how greatly a mother may, through the divine blessing, control the destinies of her children, by cultivating early facilities for directing their tender minds.

While she was yet quite young, she was the subject of serious impressions of the importance of divine things. These impressions were greatly increased by the death of her revered father, which afflicting event occurred when she was about seventeen years of age. At this period she seems to have been very "nigh unto the kingdom of heaven," having many desires and purposes to devote herself to the Lord. But during a short residence at Wheeling, in Virginia, not cherishing her convictions, she gradually became indifferent to the subject of religion. Possessing great natural vivacity, as well as a very engaging person and manners, her society was eagerly sought after by the gay, and fashionable world, with whom she, unhappily, mingled too much, in the giddy round of pleasures and amusements. Of

this portion of her life, however, she has frequently remarked, that when she appeared to others most happy, she felt quite miserable; and easily discovered that there was nothing to satisfy the soul in this world's allurements.

The following letter to one of her most intimate friends, penned during a short visit to Ohio, will discover the state of her feelings at this period.

TO MISS J. I. P. OF MORGANTOWN.

November 2d, 1828.

Give me joy, dear J., for this is my natal day. But why do I desire you to congratulate me that nineteen summers have flown swiftly over my head? Rather should I ask you to mourn with me that I have misspent so much precious time. I know that I am placed here only to make preparation for a brighter and better world, and yet, instead of fulfilling the duty I owe to my Creator, and to myself, I feel that I am daily becoming more hardened in my sinfulness. Oh how strange, that an immortal being can

be satisfied with "trifles light as air," which he knows lead to destruction !

> "Strange fondness of the human heart !
> Enamoured of its harm ;
> Strange world ! that costs it so much smart,
> And yet has power to charm."

Little did I think, at the age of fourteen, that I should live to see nineteen years pass away without having found the pearl of great price. Then it appeared impossible that I should be contented another year, without that "peace which passeth understanding." I felt that there was no pleasure in the pomps and vanities of the world. Christ has said, "They that seek me early shall find me." Oh that I had hearkened to this promise ! But I fear that I have delayed seeking until it is too late. On each of my last five birth-days, I have looked back upon the preceding year, and have been astonished to perceive that I had been so entirely occupied with vain and trifling amusements, as to forget my soul's eternal interests. On each of those occasions I have resolved and

re-resolved, and yet continued the same. Strange beings that we are !

E. and I arrived here on Thursday, and as bad weather has confined us to the house, we have been extremely busy. I enjoy myself here much more than I do at Wheeling, as I have more time for reading.

Remember me to all my youthful companions, and to your mother and aunts. That "grace, mercy, and peace," may rest upon you, is the prayer of your friend,

LOUISA.

The ensuing winter she spent at ——— in pretty much the same round of fashionable amusements as had hitherto engaged her attention. The following account of this portion of her life, penned by her a few years after, will be interesting to the reader, as it lays open to view the inmost heart of a votary of fashion.

"I *appeared* gay, but did not *feel* so. I talked nonsense, and hated myself for it, and despised those who listened to me. I hated dancing, and yet I danced. I had a great dislike to parties, and yet I frequented

them. I looked with contempt on those who delighted in dress, and yet I dressed gaily. I loved to read, but relinquished that pleasure for the sake of those amusements in which I took no delight. Thus did I spend my time.

"I began to think that those with whom I associated were merely putting on appearances as I did; and, as I hated myself for it, I despised them. Above all, I was conscious that I was transgressing the laws of God, and exposing my soul more and more to perdition. And I was very anxious to return home, as to the place where I might be cured of my follies."

Subsequently to her father's death, she had generally resided with her brother, E. C. Wilson, Esq. of Morgantown. She returned here from Wheeling, in the spring of 1829. At this period, one of her most intimate female friends made a public profession of religion, on which occasion she was deeply affected, and formed a solemn determination to seek the Lord, with all her heart. She was soon led to a discovery of the only way, in which God could be just, and yet justify

the sinner; viz. through the atoning merits, and infinite righteousness of Jesus Christ. She saw, and felt the innate depravity of her heart, and the necessity of the renewing influences of the Holy Spirit. But it was not till after many days of sorrowful, and earnest seeking, that she found any abiding peace in believing.

In the month of September following, she visited Richmond, in company with her brother Eugenius M. Wilson, Esq., a member of the Virginia Convention of 1829–30. In that city, and in the counties of Rockbridge, Augusta, and Frederic, she spent the remainder of the autumn and winter. The following letters, written at this period to her friends, will show how she was impressed with different objects, as well as the state of her mind in regard to religion.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO MISS M. A. N., OF NEW GENEVA.

Augusta County, Va., Dec. 8, 1829.

Only yesterday I wrote to F., and affection already prompts me to write to my dear

M. But Oh! how much more pleasant would it be, to converse face to face. . . . I had visited the Natural Bridge, some time before I received your last letter. I was not at all disappointed. The arch is much higher than I had expected: and it is thrown over the fissure, in so graceful a sweep, as almost to have the appearance of something living. The top of the bridge is covered with bushes of *arbor vitæ*, and cedar, except where the road passes over it. The scenery around is wild in the extreme; gloomy pines and huge rocks are the principal features.

We remained in Rockbridge two weeks; busy the whole time among our relations. I there visited the "abode of my forefathers;" but could not work myself into an "enthusiastic melancholy:" for every thing looked so sweet and pleasant. The large green yard, the weeping-willows, the cherry-trees, &c., spoke of comfort and banished melancholy.

I have visited Weir's cave, and think it much the greatest curiosity I have yet seen. Some of the apartments appear magnificently sculptured. Columns, castles, thrones, cur-

tains, temples, &c., are thrown promiscuously together, and have a very fine effect.

Your sincere friend,

LOUISA.

LETTER TO MISS J. I. P., OF MORGANTOWN.

Augusta County, Dec. 11th, 1829.

DEAR J.

You cannot imagine how grateful I am for your last letter: the more so because it was a favour I did not deserve. Many reasons have prevented my writing; the principal one was that I feared to lay open the state of my heart; and I never could use any disguise with you, my dear friend. You lament the want of preaching; and follow me in imagination to the Sanctuary. I do go. I hear sermons eloquent and pathetic: but envy me not, for perhaps it may tend to increase my condemnation. I do not profit by what I hear. I have rather gone back, than advanced in spiritual things, since I saw you. Still, I entertain a hope, (with what justness I know not,) that through the merits of that Redeemer, whom I have so much slighted, I shall be admitted into his fold at

last. While in Richmond, I boarded in a very pious family; and, truly, in them religion appeared lovely. They had been reduced from affluence to poverty, and yet all was cheerfulness and resignation. I heard some excellent sermons from Mr. A., pastor of the First Presbyterian church. I also attended the recitations of his Bible class, and found myself much pleased and instructed.

I am so happy every Thursday night—Is it the influence of imagination? or do you then, in your meeting, remember me in your prayers?* You say nothing about the meeting: I hope it has not been given up.

Your friend,

LOUISA.

She returned home in the spring of 1830. The way in which she first found peace in believing is thus described in her journal:

"I expected to have some sudden illumination: something like a vision, revealing

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* The allusion is to a female prayer meeting in which she felt a very great interest.

to my view the Redeemer as the Son of God, and yet the friend of sinners. For this I waited in vain. But, imperceptibly, a love to Christ, and a reliance on his merits and intercession, took possession of my heart. Blessed be his name, that the transgressions of sinners may be washed away in that blood which flows for the remission of sins."

From this period until she made a public profession of religion, her exercises, so far as they can be ascertained from her letters and private papers, appear to have been various; although the evidence of her interest in the Saviour continually became brighter.

LETTER TO MISS M. A. N.

Morgantown, May 1, 1830.

DEAR M.

God is now speaking in his thunders; and I feel awfully solemn, as if drawn into his immediate presence. I always see his handy-work in the quiet and beautiful scenes of nature; but there is something in a thunder-storm that speaks more directly to the heart, of the grandeur, the majesty, and

the might of him, who has permitted us to call him *Father*. Oh! how can we ever sufficiently praise the condescending mercy of our God? Were all the goodness existing in every human heart collected, and presented to him in one offering, it would not be of sufficient worth to purchase one, even the least of his mercies. But I thank the Most High, that when sinners call upon him, he looks on him who was pierced for our iniquities, and, for his sake, pities and forgives us.

If I am now struck with awe while listening to his thunders, when all around is peace and loveliness; how shall I feel on that "great and terrible day," when the earth shall quake; and the sun shall become as sackcloth of hair; and the moon shall be turned into blood; and the stars of heaven shall fall; and every island, and every mountain shall be moved out of their places; and the heavens shall depart as a scroll when it is rolled together? Blessed be the Lord that, through the death and sufferings of his Son, those who love and serve him here, will be "able to stand" in his presence on that awful day.

I am now shut out from all outward temptations, and have only the wickedness of my own heart to contend with. This warfare I could not, in my own strength, carry on for a moment. But I thank God for the confidence I feel, that, through our Lord Jesus Christ, I shall obtain the victory.

Yesterday and to-day, I have felt peculiarly thankful for my eye-sight; a blessing, like the air we breathe, so common, that we seldom think of rendering thanks for it. But how many are there in the world who have never witnessed those beautiful scenes which we so much enjoy. And what is worse, many, who have once seen and enjoyed them, can now see them only in remembrance. Every day I see new beauties in the works of creation. Every tree, and plant, and flower, speaks so forcibly to my mind of the wisdom and goodness of God, that I am lost in admiration and gratitude.

Dear M., I often wonder that you, or any one else, could ever entertain the least regard for me. I am sure if you could see me, as I see myself, you could not bear with me a single hour. But God sees my heart,

and knows me infinitely better than I know myself; and yet how kind, how indulgent is he to me! He not only bestows on me every blessing which confers happiness in this life; but he even gives me, (I almost fear to utter it,) a hope of *life eternal*—of dwelling in his presence for evermore. Oh M. the thought of meeting with you there gives me inexpressible joy. Oh! I fear I am indulging false hopes. If it were not for the assurance which God has given us that the chief of sinners may be saved, if it were not certain that the blood of Christ made an atonement *sufficient* for *all* transgressions, I could not hope for pardon. I have nothing to offer to God. I sometimes search myself, thinking that there may be something in me acceptable to him; but this search makes me sick at heart; for I find nothing but continued rebellion, ingratitude, and deep depravity. And I do thank the Lord, that all the fitness he requires of me is, to feel my need of Christ. This, I am sure, I do feel, but not as deeply as I ought.

Yours sincerely,

Louisa A. Wilson.

JOURNAL, 1830.

May 4th.

"How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see."

I think I have tasted that the Lord is gracious; for such perfect peace, such entire confidence in the Saviour as I have enjoyed, could have proceeded from no other source than the fountain of all good. But, "Where am I now?" All is darkness. I do indeed feel a firm confidence that I shall again behold the light of my Heavenly Father's countenance; but the absence of that dear friend, the friend of sinners, I cannot bear. Father of mercies! I beseech thee to show me wherein I have offended thee.

I fear I have been too much lifted up with the abundance of joy bestowed upon me. Perhaps I have not rejoiced with fear and trembling. But I thank the Lord that I do feel sorrow under the hidings of his face. For this convinces me that his Spirit has not departed from me. Oh Lord! take not away from me thy Holy Spirit.

May 5th.—I fear that I am too much concerned about the things of this world.

Why do I not resign all into the hands of Him, who has promised that all things shall work together for good to them that love him? Oh God! my *only* Father! my best friend! give me submission to thy will. May I be satisfied that thou doest all things well; and whether thou sendest sickness or health, sorrow or joy, may I feel that thou art *my* God. For then I can say, "None of these things move me." Let not the ties of human affection bind me to earth. Let me love those with sincere affection whom nature has taught me to love. Let me love all who belong to the family of Christ. Let me have true charity for the whole race of mankind; but may I reserve for thee, my Lord, my supreme affection. Oh! be thou my constant stay and support: for "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."

Sabbath, May 9th.—The Sabbath is a blessed day of *rest*. "The music of the thankful heart" is offered in the house of God; the word of life is preached; and the prayers of united hearts ascend to the throne of grace. The birds sing joyously in the

groves; and every tree of the forest, and every flower, and every plant, speaks forcibly to my heart, saying, He that formed us is a God of might, of wisdom, and of love. Oh! how blessed is the peaceful reign of my Redeemer here on earth! What then are the joys of heaven!

The thoughts of God's love and mercy already create a heaven within my heart. Oh! I long for that blessed place, where I shall forever praise him "according to his excellent greatness." Oh my kind Father! let me ever be thy willing and obedient child; that while on earth I may have an abiding sense of thy presence, and never grieve thy Holy Spirit. And, for Christ's sake, prepare me to praise thee, evermore. Amen.

May 12th.—God has wonderfully preserved me during my whole life. His Holy Spirit has been striving with me from my earliest years. And though I grieved him continually, he forsook me not; but showed me more clearly than ever my miserable state; and, at length, humbled in the dust, I was induced to say,

"Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do."

I have reason to believe that the Lord has accepted me as his own. For a short time I felt absorbed in love to him. I felt his presence around me, pervading all space, and filling my heart with joy unspeakable. I wondered that I had ever sinned against a God of such infinite goodness; and could not think that I should ever again prove ungrateful. But, Oh! I did not know the deep depravity of my heart. I now see it more and more, every day. I have sinned again most grievously. I have sunk into a deep sleep. I have become cold and dead with respect to spiritual things. Oh! why will my soul, after having tasted of heavenly bliss, be content to return to the "beggarly elements of the world?" Oh God! grant me thy Holy Spirit, and arouse me from this awful lethargy! Has not thine eternal Son shed his precious blood for as many as are willing to believe on him? Lord, I believe: help thou mine unbelief.

May 13th.—The communion of the creature with the Creator is incomprehensible.

I feel God to be near, all around, and within me: and yet I cannot tell how it is. When I pray, I feel that he is with me, teaching me by his Spirit what to ask for, and waiting to supply my necessities. And this is all of his own free grace; for, of myself, I have never done one thing that was pleasing to him. He knows my wicked heart; and yet he bestows on me the glorious hope, that I shall be washed in the blood of the Redeemer, and made perfectly clean. I do know the love of God, that it "passeth knowledge."

May 23d, Sabbath.—The institution of the Sabbath is a most precious privilege—a whole day devoted exclusively to the Lord. Yet there are those to whom this day is a weariness—to whom its precious hours drag heavily on. God has required but one day in seven to be set apart for his peculiar service. And it is the duty and the privilege of all the servants of God to be free, not only from vain and idle conversation, unnecessary employments, and trifling amusements, but also from all foolish, idle, and worldly thoughts.

Convinced as I am of all these things, I beseech thee, Oh God! to enable me to spend thy Sabbaths aright. Let me ever look forward to them with joy; and feel regret that they are so short. And grant, I entreat thee, for Jesus' sake, that I may so improve them, and every other gracious privilege, that I may be fitted to spend an eternal Sabbath with thee on high.

May 30th, Sabbath.—Another week is past; another Sabbath has dawned upon my soul. Have I made a week's progress towards heaven? My conscience whispers, no! I have slighted many privileges, and misimproved all. I have been chained to earth by affections for creatures. I have indulged my propensity to harbour vain and idle thoughts. Oh that my whole soul might be in a continual flame of love to the Most High God! for he alone is worthy of the supreme affection of immortal beings. I know it is my *privilege* to enjoy intimate communion with God; to pray in faith; to live by faith, with a constant desire to please him alone. But my sins have separated me from the light of his countenance;

and cause me to grope in darkness at noonday. But if it should be his righteous pleasure to keep me in this state all the days of my life; yet, in his strength, I will strive to serve him still.

Sabbath, June 6th.—Oh, why should I ever regard the opinion of the world? When I search and know my own heart, I feel that I do desire to love the Lord with my whole soul. And he has said, "Love not the world, nor the things of the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." If then, I must give up either the love of the Father, or the love of the world, how can I hesitate?

I hate the world, because it separates between me and my best Friend. I hate it because it has so much ensnared my affections; and because it still exerts an influence upon me which I endeavour in vain to resist.

God be merciful to me a sinner; and raise me above the things of time. Give me that faith which looks forward to, and feasts upon, the things which are not seen. Let me feel continually that I must give my account to

God and not to man; and let me not be elevated by the praises, or depressed by the censures of the world.

I fear I commit sin, while under the hidings of my Heavenly Father's face, because I am so discontented in that condition. God keeps me; and I have his promise, which is sure, that he *will keep me to the end.* If then he sees fit to keep me in darkness, I must only say, "thy will be done; only let me not sin against thee." But I should be particularly careful, at such seasons, not to seek comfort from the things of time. When Moses went up to Mount Sinai, to receive the law from God, the children of Israel, impatient of his long absence, began to say, "Make us gods, that we may bow down and worship; for, as for this Moses, we wot not what has become of him." And Aaron made them a golden calf; and they worshipped it, and God sent a curse upon them. So, if God, in order to try us, or to punish us for our sins, withdraws a sense of his presence from us; we should wait patiently, in the appointed means of grace, for his return; and beware lest we seek another god in his

absence. "Little children, keep yourselves from idols."

Saturday evening, June 19th.—"In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD; and the pots in the LORD's house shall be like the bowls before the altar." Zech. xiv. 20. Holiness must characterize the smallest things. Our most insignificant actions must be performed with a reference to the glory of God. Properly speaking, no action of a Christian can be called insignificant. The least important have a bearing upon the whole character. Indeed, small things have frequently the most dangerous influence, because they are most likely to escape our attention.

"And the pots in the LORD's house, shall be like the bowls before the altar." The station of the Christian, however humble, cannot keep him from his God. Though his hands may be occupied with the most menial offices, his heart may be pouring out an offering at the altar of the Most High. Though, in the estimation of the world, he may be mean and contemptible, as a "pot in

the *Lord's* house;" yet the Lord will make him as the richest vessels employed in his service.

June 22d.—Surely never was a creature so blest as I, who, at the same time, was so unthankful. I have every temporal good, the most pleasant home, the kindest friends. These, indeed, are not sufficient to confer substantial and lasting happiness; but the Lord in mercy, bestows on me that peace which cometh down from above. I can say with Mary, "My soul doth magnify the Lord . . . for he that is mighty hath done great things for me." My spirit rejoices when I look forward to the period, when I shall drop this "vile body," and be clothed with holiness and immortality—when I shall be freed from the doubts and fears, which so often trouble me here; and, more than all, when I shall learn to praise the Lord, "according to his excellent greatness."

Sabbath, July 4th.—It is an invaluable privilege to have the word of God in our hands, and to be favoured with the holy Sabbath, on which to study its sacred pages without interruption . . . . I have, this morn-

ing, been peculiarly struck with the 38th chapter of Job. The deistical speculators on *world-making*, should all read it; and be convinced of the utter nothingness of the creature, when brought into comparison with the Creator; and the impossibility of comprehending that which can be known only to the infinite mind.

In this chapter, the Most High condescends to speak to a man—to a man who was called "perfect and upright." "Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me. Where wast thou, when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare if thou hast understanding. Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner stone thereof, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy? Or who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth, as if it issued out of the womb; when I made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness a swaddling-band for it; and brake up for it my decreed place, and set bars and doors, and said, Hitherto shalt thou come and no further: and here shall

thy proud waves be stayed? Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days, and caused the day-spring to know his place? . . Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? . . . . Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth? Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds, that abundance of waters may cover thee? . . . . Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts? or who hath given understanding to the heart?"

I feel that I am nothing, and the omnipotence of Jehovah fills me with awe. He sits in the heavens, and spreads forth the clouds as his chariot. He commands, and the ocean, in all its waves, obeys his voice. He takes in the whole universe at a single glance, and marks out the station for every sun and every planet.

He sees into every heart, and knows every imagination of the thoughts of all his creatures. Oh! how shall I stand before God? for my thoughts are evil, and he knows them all. "I do exceedingly fear and quake." But this God of almighty power and infinite

holiness, is also a God of infinite mercy. In Christ, he is THE FRIEND OF SINNERS. He is not exclusively occupied with great affairs. His providential care extends to the meanest of his creatures. "Who provideth for the raven his food; when his young ones cry unto God, they wander for lack of meat."

O God! I beseech thee, to make me, at all times, feel that I am nothing, even though I were "perfect and upright." Teach me to know *thee;* and then I shall know *myself.* Enable me to subdue the pride of worldly wisdom; and to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

The subject of these memoirs had, for a considerable time, desired to unite with the church. But the Presbyterian congregation in Morgantown, being at this time vacant, she had no convenient opportunity, until the first of August, 1830; when the Lord's Supper was administered there, by the pastor of one of the neighbouring churches; and she then made a public profession of religion. Two weeks previously to taking this impor-

tant step, she, in a solemn written covenant, devoted herself unreservedly to the Lord, as will be seen in the following paper:

JOURNAL, 1830.

July 18*th.*—I am conscious that I offend God continually; but I thank Him from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, that I do desire to be conformed to his will. In two weeks, I expect publicly to devote myself to the service of the Lord: and I now, in private, wish to give myself up entirely to him.

COVENANT.

Oh thou God of unbounded mercy! who, for the sake of thy Son, dost condescend to listen to such a weak and sinful creature as I; in mercy draw near to me now, and solemnize my heart, and preserve me from its deceptions, while I attempt to enter into covenant with thee, the Most High God. I do desire this day, O God, with all the sincerity of which I am capable, to "surrender myself entirely unto thee. I desire to renounce all

former lords, that have had dominion over me. I desire to consecrate to thee all that I am and have; *the faculties of my mind*, the members of my body, my worldly possessions, *my time*, my influence over others; to be all used most entirely for thy glory, and resolutely employed in obedience to thy commands, as long as thou continuest me in life;" with an humble resolution to continue thine through the endless ages of eternity; ever holding myself ready to obey the first intimations of thy will, with zeal and joy.

And now, O Lord God! unless thou dost give me strength, I can do nothing. O forbid that I should ever, as I have heretofore done, break my covenant with thee. Take from me the least dependance on self; and give me faith in the merits of thy Son. O may I ever cling to him as my only hope for acceptance with thee. O Lord! enable me *continually* to remember that I am not my own, but the servant of the Most High God, to whom I must give an account for every *thought*, *word*, and action.

Help me, O Lord! for Jesus' sake. Amen.

The following letter to one of her intimate friends, it will be seen, was written partly before, and partly after she had united with the church.

LETTER TO MISS F. W. N. OF NEW GENEVA.

Morgantown, Friday Evening, July 30th, 1830.

I sincerely thank you for your letter, and I hope you will favour me with many such. . . But I must write about that which is nearest my heart: I find it vain to attempt to think of any thing else. I am now about to perform the most solemn act of my whole life: an act which will be a source of joy or misery to me, not only in time but throughout *eternity.* I tremble at the thought: and were it not that the promises of our Father in heaven are sure, I would not dare publicly profess to love and serve him. For I fear that I shall often, O yes, too often, bring reproach upon his holy cause. And what am I, that I should approach the feast, which the Lord has spread for his saints? I who am the vilest, the most unworthy, the most ungrateful of all his creatures; how

shall I dare partake of the symbols of the Redeemer's sufferings? Pray for me dear F. I hope you do pray that I may not eat and drink condemnation to my never-dying soul. What shall I do? I fear to go forward, and yet I cannot stay away. I do most earnestly desire to be united to the people of God. I do desire to obey all God's commandments. And though I am weakness itself, I know there is one who is mighty: and I have a *little faith*, a wavering belief, that his promises will be fulfilled in my case.

Monday Morning, August 2d.

I do not feel altogether happy this morning; I have made such solemn promises to God. I cannot, as I should, forget *myself*, and trust alone in Him, who has promised that his grace shall be sufficient for all who rely upon him. I fear I shall prove an unfaithful, unbelieving member of the church of Christ. It is a most solemn service to dedicate one's self to the Lord. But I then felt strong. I felt a confidence that I should be supported in the path of

duty. But I have not now that comfortable feeling.

Mr. F.'s sermon, on Saturday night, was particularly affectionate and persuasive. It was from Jer. iii. 4: "Wilt thou not, *from this time*, cry unto me, My Father, thou art the guide of my youth."

Your sincere, but very unworthy friend,

LOUISA A. WILSON.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO MISS M. A. N.

Morgantown, Aug. 2d, 1830.

I am scarcely able to describe my feelings this morning; but there is in my mind a confused thought, that there is a great work for me to do; and yet, I scarcely know what it is. But I think it is, or ought to be, to "cease to do evil, and learn to do well." I do not know that I ever before felt so much the necessity of doing this. . . . I have promised to renounce the *world!* What is it? the gay, the giddy, the fashionable, the fascinating world! Yes; with the sincerest joy I can say to it, *Farewell;* for the remembrance of my career in it brings with it bitterness of soul. Yours sincerely,

LOUISA.

Though the period, when the subject of these memoirs made a public profession of her faith, was one of uncommon coldness in the church, yet her subsequent life may well be characterized as one of peculiar light and comfort, and great activity in the Saviour's cause. Her earnest attention to the means of grace, and her great enjoyment in public ordinances and in private devotion, attested the sincerity of her faith, not less than the readiness with which she engaged in every proper attempt to advance the Redeemer's kingdom. The sick bed and the house of mourning, often bore witness to her soothing and sympathizing presence: and the Sabbath school, and the different benevolent enterprises of the age, shared largely in her efforts to do good. Her letters and private papers, during this period, as will be seen, evidence great singleness of desire to honour the Redeemer; and also, that her communion with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ was very near, and constant, and refreshing: while there is equal evidence of great humility, and resignation to the divine will; distrust of herself, and confidence only in

the imputed righteousness of her Lord and Saviour.

JOURNAL, 1830.

Sabbath morning, August 15th.—I can never sufficiently praise the Lord for the privileges of the Sabbath. It is a blessed day of rest from earthly cares and toils.

> "Oft, when the world with iron bands,
> Hath bound me in its six days' chain;
> This bursts them, like the strong man's hands,
> And sets my spirit free again."

Oh that the flames of love and gratitude may continually ascend from the altar of my heart, to my kind Father, for all his mercies! I wish to live for him alone; to bow with resignation to his will; to trust him, love him, serve him, with all my powers. Oh, praise the Lord! praise him all ye saints of God! praise him all his works! Bless the Lord, Oh my soul!

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO MISS M. A. N.

Morgantown, August 20th, 1830.

BELOVED M:

I know not where you are; but I am sure, if you have sight and feeling, you are admiring this lovely morning. All nature seems rejoicing; and my heart joins in the general gladness.

Oh, that I could always feel as humble, as dependant, as contented and thankful, as I do at this moment! But my wicked heart will grieve Him whom I desire to love supremely, and serve with all the energy of my nature. GOD IS LOVE. Oh, how pleasant to feel his love in the heart!—to find the heart (naturally selfish and contracted) expanding under the influence of grace, and embracing in its affections, all mankind—all creation, because all is the workmanship of our God and Father. Tell F. I dearly love her, but cannot write now. Farewell, dearest M., and may perfect peace, through the Lord and Saviour, be yours.

Ever your friend,

LOUISA.

TO THE SAME.

Morgantown, Oct. 22d, 1830.

In my late visit to Wheeling, I found many things to delight, and many to depress me. I was pleased to see my dear aunt, and kind cousin E.; and to meet with many other friends, whose acquaintance, in former visits, I was too giddy to cultivate. I also heard some excellent sermons, and continually rejoiced that I was not pursuing the course that I had on all former visits to that place. But every thing I saw reminded me of some scene of past folly; and I felt humbled by the remembrance. My heart ached to see beings, possessing immortal souls, so entirely given up to vanity—grasping at shadows, and running on swiftly and gaily to their own destruction.

The weather was most pleasant for travelling. I never enjoyed the fall of the year so much. There was such a warning voice in every falling leaf. The woods looked so brilliant; yet melancholy, because *decay* was the cause of this brilliancy: and they

seemed as if they were clad in gorgeous mourning apparel.

Yours sincerely,

LOUISA.

JOURNAL, 1830.

Sabbath, October 31st.—The Lord is my God, my Father, my friend. He is my strength and salvation. Jesus is my Saviour, my elder brother. The Holy Spirit is my comforter, and my guide. Therefore I will not fear, though the earth be removed; though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. I am secure, for my trust is fixed upon the Rock of ages. Oh, how delightful is the service of the Redeemer! His yoke is, indeed, easy, and his burden light.

This is truly a Sabbath to my soul. Oh, how sweet, after the clouds and storms of the past week, to enjoy this calm repose, this perfect peace! Glory be to God for his goodness!

November 2d.—This day, I am twenty-one years of age. In looking over my past

life, I cannot but mourn to think that I have lived to so little purpose. N. had preached three years, before he was twenty-one; and what have I ever done? Absolutely nothing. Lord, I am the most unprofitable of all thy servants. Help me, henceforth, better to fulfil the great end of my being.

But I do rejoice, this day, that I was ever created: and it is the first of my birth-days I have ever spent happily, since I was capable of reflection. I have, heretofore, felt most acutely on every recurrence of this period, that I was not living to the glory of God, nor for my own welfare. I felt that I was ripening for a miserable eternity. But this day I am happy; for I feel that, sinful as I have been, and still am, I have obtained an interest in the blood of Jesus. I feel that God is my Father; that he will ever support me, and enable me to glorify him here; and for the sake of Jesus, will receive me to praise him evermore among the blessed on high. I do thank the God of love for this hope, this blessed confidence; for it does in some measure raise me above the things of this world, and feast my soul with the joys

of heaven.* It has been said that each anniversary of our natal day shadows forth the scenes of the ensuing year through life. This is superstitious, yet I always think of it. My last birth day was alternate clouds and sunshine; so has the past year of my life been made up of alternate grief and joy. This day has been most calm and beautiful. The mild sun of autumn has shone with unclouded lustre, almost entirely dispersing the smoke of Indian summer; and, in spite of the brown and leafless appearance of the forests, producing the cheerful aspect of spring. The birds are singing; autumn flowers are blooming; and even some that had withered, under the rays of the mid-summer sun are beginning again to appear on the earth. To me, all nature appears to be rejoicing; for this is the first 2d of November that has ever found me endeavouring to walk in the paths of righteousness, with God for my Father, Jesus for my Saviour, and the

* And such, it is believed, is the practical influence of the doctrine of the saints' perseverance, upon all real Christians, who receive it on the testimony of God.—[COMPILER.]

Holy Spirit for my director. And though many storms may assail me during the coming year, may my heart, under the mild beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and refreshed by the gentle dews of heavenly grace, produce abundant fruits of holiness, acceptable to God through Jesus Christ.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO MISS M. A. N.

Morgantown, Dec. 1st, 1830.

BELOVED M.

Believe me, I had not a single hard thought of you. For though I was extremely anxious to hear from you, I felt assured that your delay did not proceed from neglect, but from not being fully aware of the pleasure you would give me by writing. Eugenius and his family are now gone;* but I am enabled to feel more comfortable than I could have expected in these circumstances. When we pray that the Lord would "choose our changes for us," we should, certainly, receive all as coming from his hand. He

* He had removed to Wheeling.—[COMPILER.]

does *all things* well; and we should not repine.

What a delightful autumn we have had! I never enjoyed that season half so much. Even winter does not appear so dreary to me as formerly. I enjoy much peace—peace which the world cannot take away—a peace which nothing disturbs but sin. Oh, were it not for sin, how happy should we be, even in this world! Surely it is worth while to war with our evil natures, and with the powers of darkness here; that we may be received through Christ, to those blessed mansions where *sin is no more.*

Dear M., have you ever felt a sense of pardoning mercy? Can you feel that the Most High is your reconciled Father through Christ? Jesus must be the only foundation of our hopes, or they are altogether vain.

Mrs. C. was here, several days before M. left us. How sweet it is to be with her. I could truly say to her,

'Our souls by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one;

One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice;
'Tis heaven on earth begun."

Farewell, dear M.

Your sincere friend,

LOUISA.

LETTER TO MISS F. W. N. OF NEW GENEVA.

Morgantown, Feb. 15, 1831.

My heart responds to yours, dear F., "I am so happy." Oh! why should we not always be happy, seeing we have a God of such unbounded mercy for our Father? I do feel, this night, that he is my *dear Father;* and that he will never leave me, nor forsake me. I feel as if I could never again murmur at his dispensations. Oh, the ingratitude of which I have been guilty; the pride and self-will I have indulged! But his hand was stretched out still: and now, after wading through deep waters, for many weeks, I feel *that* love, peace, and joy, which he alone can bestow.

I will yet hope that your dear mother may be spared to you many, many years. Yes; dear F., I could wish that you may ever be preserved from experiencing the

bitterness of the orphan's lot. But why do I speak so? Surely God has supplied the place of a father and mother to me. But still, there is a yearning after these earliest, dearest objects of the heart's affections, that can never be subdued while life continues. We certainly are in the hands of One, who knows, perfectly well, what is best for us: and I have reason to believe, that if my parents had been spared to me, my affections would have been too much chained to earth. Thanks to God, I can look forward to a joyful meeting with them where *all is love.*

You ask about the eclipse. I did not "enjoy" it so much, because the day was rather cloudy. But I "enjoyed" the thought, that the eyes of all my friends were, perhaps, at that very moment, fixed upon the same object. How soon could I then have paid off my epistolary debts, had it been possible

> "To make its disk my ample page,
> And write my thoughts and wishes there."

Farewell,

LOUISA.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO MISS M. A. N.

Morgantown, May 16th, 1831.

DEAR M.

Eugenius is yet very ill. He is extremely weak—not able to speak above a whisper. M. is here; but the children have not yet arrived. We expect them this evening. Cousins E. and H. W. are here. Dr. H., of Rockbridge, also, has been with us more than a week. The presence of these friends, and, more than all, the never-failing goodness of God, cause me to feel peace of mind, content and happiness, in circumstances calculated very much to depress the spirits. The Lord enable me to be grateful!

Have you ever read Baxter's "Saints' Rest?" I have been delighted with it. In perusing it my poor *earthly* mind would sometimes forget its earthliness, and enjoy such foretastes of the 'Rest' above, as to make me willing *joyfully* to bear all the troubles of this life, seeing that that eternity which succeeds it, is so blessed. I am glad that I was "born to die." But I feel willing to wait "all the days of my appointed time,"

knowing that the Lord, even *my* God, will take care of me, and not suffer me to want any good thing.

May the Lord be with you evermore.

LOUISA A. WILSON.

The following was penned, a little more than a week after the death of the much lamented brother above referred to.*

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO THE SAME.

Morgantown, June 2d, 1831.

If it were not for the consolations of religion, I sometimes think I could not live a single day. I desire *with joy* to submit to every dispensation of Providence; and fear that I too often indulge a murmuring disposition, without being conscious of it. I

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* Eugenius M. Wilson, son of Thomas Wilson, Esq., was bred to the profession of the Law; and possessing a vigorous mind, and persevering industry, he soon attained to a high degree of respectability in that profession. He united with the Presbyterian Church, in Morgantown, when he was scarcely twenty years of age; and throughout his life maintained the character of an exemplary, active, decided

know that trials are necessary for me; but my stubborn heart will not receive them with thankfulness. At the time of my beloved brother's death, I seemed to have a torrent of strength poured down upon me. Nature seemed struggling for the mastery in my bosom, but something kept it down. At the moment of his death, and for a short time after, I felt perfectly calm. But when I left the room, the thought that he was now

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Christian, exerting all his influence (and it was great) in behalf of the cause of religion. While he was yet a youth, he was elected to the eldership, in the church to which he belonged, and ever fulfilled its duties with fidelity, and distinguished usefulness. He had removed to Wheeling; and had returned to Morgantown, on a visit for the transaction of some business, when he was attacked with a disease of which he never recovered. When informed by the attending physician that he had but a few days to live, he exclaimed, "Then, thank God, I am nearer heaven than I had expected." His removal in the prime of life, and in the midst of his usefulness, is one of those inscrutable dispensations which characterize Him, whose throne is surrounded by "clouds and darkness."

to put off the garments of the living, and to be dressed for the grave, almost overcame me. In prayer I found relief. I could now see him clothed in light, freed from all sin, and beyond the reach of sorrow, joining in the songs of angels and glorified saints. I felt that it was extreme selfishness in me to mourn his departure; and that I ought rather to rejoice. And I then thought I was willing to see every one of my friends, even the nearest and dearest, go as he had gone. But it is not often that I have felt so since. Oh, for more grace!

Yours in love,

LOUISA.

TO MISS F. W. N.

Morgantown, June 8th, 1831.

This morning is so beautiful, dear F., that I can hardly keep my eyes fixed upon my paper while I write to you. I know you are now up, and perhaps admiring its calm beauties. I am quite well now, continually wondering at the goodness of God, who blesses me with health, when so many

others, more useful and more anxious to live than I, are laid low with disease, and carried to the tomb. I am so wonderfully spared, that I desire to know what it is for, that I may perform the service which the Lord has appointed for me: and as in his service alone I find pleasure, I desire to give myself up wholly to him. I do thank him that he is such a kind Father to the fatherless. His goodness is so great to me, that, if it were possible, I should forget my orphan state.

Dear F., I often fear I sin in indulging so great a desire to "depart and to be with Christ." But it is no wonder; for as N. remarked, in a letter I received from him yesterday, half of our family are now in glory. And I long to join them there. The journey, through this life, would be inconceivably more pleasant, if I were sure that all who are dear to me would at last find salvation. But, oh the separation, the awful separation, which takes place between the friends of the Lord Jesus, and those who refuse to serve him! I often feel anguish of spirit in thinking of it. But when I reflect that it is *not necessary* that any should

be lost, I feel encouraged to pray for all, even the most hopeless; and sometimes feel a confidence that prayer for them will not be unavailing. Yours in love,

LOUISA A. WILSON.

JOURNAL, 1831.

Saturday, June 11th.—In reviewing my life for a year past, I find so much for which to praise the Lord, that I feel oppressed with a sense of my ingratitude. Mercies unnumbered have crowned this year, the most blessed of my life. In it, the Lord has changed my heart; and given me to feel that Jesus is my friend: and, as often as I have wandered from him, he has drawn me back by mercies or chastisements. During the last autumn my way was so clear, the current of my life so smooth, and my path so strewed with flowers, that I almost feared I was not one of those who should "come out of great tribulation."

In examining my views and feelings, I find that I am very much changed. I can scarcely recognize my former self. Added

to a disposition naturally cheerful, I possessed an intense desire for happiness: and perhaps enjoyed as much as was ever felt by an unregenerate heart. But, in the midst of all, I found there was something wanting, without which I could not rest. The Lord gave me to see that this was religion. I sought religion—I tasted of his love; and found that all I had hitherto enjoyed was nothing;—mere negative happiness. I desired to love the Lord with my whole soul. I cared not what should befall me; I only asked holiness of heart. Oh, my God! thou knowest I was sincere: and if I have since murmured against thee, on account of the means thou hast employed to subdue me, forgive I beseech thee—pity my feeble frame! I do not ask thee to lessen my sufferings; I only ask suffering grace. * * *

[After alluding to trials, which she felt very severely, she proceeds as follows:]

I know all this is intended for my good; and I desire to praise the Lord for it. Sometimes I do. But corrupt nature too often rises in rebellion against the Disposer of all

events. In some respects, my sorrows appear to be sanctified to me. Feeling that earthly help can be of no avail, I lean with more entire and simple dependance on God. I also feel more for those who are afflicted. I am more desirous that all should enjoy the comforts of religion, since there is an "evil day" for every one, and that it is necessary to have some other support than philosophy. But, in many respects, my afflictions are not sanctified to me. * * *

Oh, Jesus! my Saviour, my Friend! Thou who hast loved me "with an everlasting love!" take me for thine own. Mould my heart aright. Let me have no will of my own. Grant me an entire sinking away into the will of God; a total abandonment of *all things* to thy disposal. Whatever thou mayest see fit to lay upon me, and I think I see many deep sorrows approaching, grant me grace to bear it all with joy. Oh! glorify thyself in me, in any way thou seest fit for thy name's sake. Amen. Amen.

June 13*th*.—Much grace is requisite, in order to pass through this world with patience. "Man is born to trouble." But

thanks be to the Lord, he has said, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Oh! were it not for strength afforded from on high, how could this frail body bear up under the weight of mental suffering? It is wonderful that nature is not exhausted, and all the sources of life dried up, and the material part become a victim to the keen sensations of the immaterial. Is it right, in the sight of God, to indulge feelings which wear away the constitution? And is it sinful to indulge a wish to depart, if there is nothing important to require our stay here? Elijah, when in deep affliction, said, "It is enough, now, O Lord, take away my life:" yet he did not refuse the food which God miraculously sent to sustain his life. I apprehend that to refuse the means of supporting life; or to pursue any course which tends to destroy it, is a species of slow suicide which God will punish. I fear that the strong desire for death is often excited in the mind by Satan; and proceeds from weariness of the cares of life; an unwillingness to bear what is laid upon us; or a want of courage to fight the fight of faith. These, certainly,

are not proper motives. Holy Job, though the most afflicted of men, said, "All the days of my appointed time, will I wait, till my change come." The Lord Jesus did not pray that his disciples should be taken *out of* the world. "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the *evil*."

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO MISS F. W. N.

Morgantown, June 15th, 1831.

Dear F.

In walking with C., this evening, and looking at the delightful scenery which surrounded us, I thought it was well, it was kindness in our heavenly Father, to send us sorrows, to break the ties which bind us here. For the earth, when clothed with the beauties of this season, and viewed at this mild hour, appears so calm, so peaceful, so much like heaven, that our hearts are almost ready to say, "We desire no other rest." And were we perfectly free from sin, earth would indeed be a heaven. Were we entirely "pure in heart," we should "see God" in every

thing. But while the defilement of sin continues, it casts a gloom over all that the eye rests upon. In seeking happiness, then, we must seek salvation from the power and dominion of sin. If we look to ourselves, we are ready to conclude there is no help. But if we look away to Jesus, and simply rely upon him by faith, all things are possible. Good night dear friend.

LOUISA.

JOURNAL 1831.

Sabbath, June 26th.

"In hope, believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord! my God I claim."

Jesus, my Saviour! come and lift me up. I am cast down. I know not what to ask for; I am blind and wretched. Oh, my God! if I have indeed found favour in thy sight through the precious Redeemer, send, I beseech thee, the Holy Spirit to enlighten and direct me. Show me the deep depravity of my heart; show me also the fulness that dwells in Jesus. Fill me with that abundant love to thee which will make every burden

light, and every cross a pleasure. Take from me this deadness of soul. Quicken me by thy Spirit, and raise my thoughts to Jesus—to the joys of heaven; and enable me to forget the things that now are, in anticipation of those which shall be hereafter.

June 27.—I am surprised that, sincere as are my desires to serve God, it is yet so painful for me to bear the cross. Sometimes it costs me an agony, almost like separating soul and body, to reprove sin; but I seem bound to do it. I find no rest for my spirit while I neglect it.

It has been remarked, that these five things should occupy the mind, on first awaking in the morning: viz., "1. Thanks for the mercies of the night. 2. Pray for a blessing on the new day. 3. Examine the state of your heart. 4. Meditate on some spiritual subject. 5. Lay a plan for the employment of the day." I desire continually to practise these rules. Lord Jesus, help me!

June 30*th.*—Why is it that I feel such deadness, and at the same time such depression of spirits? I fear that I have sought

and obtained comfort away from God. And must I give up all the joys of friendship? Is my heart, indeed, so stubborn, that it must be deprived of every earthly prop, before it will cling singly to God? How dreary is my path! "My earthly comforts from me torn." This I could bear; but at the same time, "an absent God I mourn." Oh, for faith—for resignation! Oh, for that sanctification of heart, which makes the will of God dearer than my own. Oh, my God! take away my earthly enjoyments if they separate between thee and me; yea, take all from me, even if my heart should break.

Sabbath, July 3d.—"Oh Lord! our Lord; how excellent is thy name in all the earth." I will be glad, and rejoice in thee; I will sing praise to thy name, O thou Most High; I have found peace from my blessed Master. Now I taste again of the joys of my first love. This Sabbath morn is to me a foretaste of heaven. I praise the God of my salvation that his will shall be done. Why should I ever seek the gratification of my own will, when I know it is wrong? I know, from blessed experience, that he

makes all things to work together for my good.

July 6th.—Praises be to the source of all our blessings! The Lord has raised us up friends among those who were utter strangers to us. Yes! that blessed Sabbath School Society* in Philadelphia, actuated by a measure of that love which brought the Son of God down to this earth, have pitied the desolations of our Zion here. They have heard the weeping of these *daughters of Jerusalem*, for the privileges of the sanctuary, and have sent one to break to them the bread of life. We can never make them any return, but by unceasing prayer in their behalf: and the blessings bestowed in answer to prayer, are all that hearts such as theirs will desire. May they deeply feel the blessedness of giving—giving, not merely food for the intellect, but *life to the soul.* Oh,

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* The Sabbath School of the Seventh Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, of which the Rev. Mr. Engles was then Pastor, had generously undertaken to sustain a missionary at Morgantown, under the Assembly's Board of Missions.

could they but know the deep emotions of gratitude they have kindled in our hearts, they would be already rewarded. May many souls be converted through the instrumentality they have employed! And may every member of that Sabbath School receive a bright crown of glory, and be welcomed by the voice of the Saviour, "I was hungry and ye gave me meat," and "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." "Come ye blessed of my Father." Praises be to our common Lord, we are branches of the same vine; and if we should never meet here, I trust, through his grace, we shall mingle our hallelujahs before the throne of God and the Lamb for ever.

Sabbath, July 10th.—Another week, crowned with unceasing mercy and love, has my God permitted me to pass through. What hast thou done for the Lord, Oh my soul? I have failed to warn sinners around me of their danger. I have been disposed to be satisfied with earthly delights. Oh how much easier to be an entire Christian

than a half-way believer! I am of the latter class;* and sometimes nature is almost overcome by the struggle of the opposing principles of light and darkness in my heart. I sometimes ask myself; could my pleasant home and kind friends satisfy me without the favour of Jesus? My heart answers, No. Could riches, honour, flattery? No! no! I feel discontented with every thing without him. I have found my soul's experience in those words:

"Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me.
Oh, 'tis not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee."

Sabbath evening.—I feel thankful that I am permitted to teach a class in a Sabbath School. It is my delight—the happiest portion of my existence. Oh, what reponsibility rests upon me! Twelve little immortals, with unformed principles, and uninstructed minds, looking up to me to

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* "Less than the least of all saints." Eph. iii. 8. [COMPILER.]

teach them the knowledge of salvation. Lord, deliver me from blood-guiltiness. If I have failed to declare thy whole counsel to them, Lord convince me of it. Oh give me wisdom, simplicity, meekness, patience; and enable me to lead these sweet lambs into the fold of the Redeemer. Blessed Saviour! let not one of them be lost. Before any other impression is produced, stamp thine own image on their hearts, and let it never be effaced.

Nearly one year has elapsed, since I covenanted with my God to be entirely his. None but God can know the extent of my wanderings from him, since that period. How often have I broken my covenant, especially in permitting other lords to have dominion over me. I thank thee—I will ever praise thee, my God, for all thou hast done to me. I feel nearer—much nearer to God, than I did this time last year. I love him more, and have clearer views of my own sinfulness, and of his glory. I am more weaned from the world, than I could have thought possible. All this my adorable Friend has done for me. And now, my

Lord, I consecrate myself to thee anew, thou source of all my joys! In thy strength, I engage to be more devoted to thy service; and to give up all seeking after happiness out of thee. Heavenly Father! keep me by thy grace, whilst thou continuest me in existence; and let every moment be spent in thy service. I am thine, for ever thine, my God, my Friend, my Father. Fill me with thy love: let me be swallowed up, and lost in that which is thine own essence, even love, perfect love. Amen.

July 11th.—How good is my gracious Master to me! He keeps me in perfect peace. He gives me delicious clusters from the heavenly Canaan. I have slept in peace: I have risen in health, with a heart tuned to the praises of my God. I have the privilege of looking out on the loveliness of nature, and of thinking that beautiful as it all is, *it is not heaven.*

July 12th.—"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?" Rom. viii. 35. No, dearest Lord, none of those things shall se-

parate us from thy love. *Tribulation* shall but drive me nearer to thee. In *distress*, where could I find relief, but in thy bosom? Oh, then, shall *persecution?* No: thou wilt deliver. Shall *famine?* "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." Or *nakedness?* "God supplieth the needy with a covering." Or *peril?* "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." Or *sword?* He is our "help, and our SHIELD." "In all these things, we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." Therefore "return unto thy rest, Oh my soul."

Evening.—I do not like to go to rest. It seems like loosing too much time—like being too long unconscious of the presence of my God. The Lord is unspeakably kind to me. My "peace flows as a river." I wonder that I am not cast down on account of my vile nature. But—Jesus is my all. I wish for nothing but him. If Omnipotence were to offer me all in the universe, to gratify *my* wishes, I would only say "*Thy* will be done."

July 13*th.*—The Lord still makes my

way pleasant. I have an abiding peace. Every duty appears delightful; and while employed in worldly affairs, my thoughts are on things above.

Thanks to God for the privilege of reading the life of that blessed saint, David Brainerd! It has increased my faith. I feel that, through the grace of God, I may be made as humble as he; though I do not feel as if I ever could be so useful.

July 16*th*—I have been brought near to death, but the Lord has preserved me; and, though much bruised, I have been kept from distracting pain. Praised be the Lord! while I was lying on the ground, thinking that perhaps my appointed time had come, I felt that the sting of death was taken away. I felt no desire to live—no fear of death: and was willing to suffer all things. The Lord is *my* God; and he is very good. Show me, Oh my Father! wherefore thou hast preserved my life; and enable me to do thy whole will and pleasure, for Jesus' sake. Amen.*

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*She had been riding in a carriage: the horses

July 19*th*—I find myself still prone to imbibe the spirit of the world. Whenever I cannot, in the most engaging company, and in the most interesting conversation, lift up my heart to God, and realize his presence, I know that I am tending toward the service of the world. In this I have sinned this day. Lord forgive me!

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO HER SISTER-IN-LAW, MRS. M. W., AT WHEELING, VA.

Morgantown, December 30*th*, 1831.

Ever dear Sister M.

For sometime, after my return from Wheeling, I gave up all expectation of spending another summer upon earth. My cough was so bad, that I thought of nothing, but very soon joining our dear family above. The thought was intensely pleasing to me. But now with restored health, and prospects of continued life, I find my thoughts again borne down to earth.

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being frightened, ran off, and she was thrown out with great violence.—[Compiler.]

Mr. Brown's health has improved. He is an excellent preacher, plain, pointed, and persuasive. Our prayer-meetings are profitable, but Oh! how few are there of us; and none who appear to be inquiring the way to Zion.

Ever affectionately yours,

LOUISA.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO HER SISTER, MRS. A. P. C., AT UNIONTOWN, PA.

Wheeling, March 22d, 1832.

DEAR SISTER A.

I wish we could once more behold together the unfolding beauties of nature around our native home—that spot, still so dear, though so many changes have occurred. This day reminds me forcibly of the one, on which, three years since, we ascended the hill just beginning to put on its verdant mantle, and seated ourselves with our dear friend, waiting for the return of our still dearer brother. Dear sister, we enjoyed much of a *species* of happiness then. Since that time some of those around whom our

fondest affections clustered have been torn from us. We ourselves are separated and can seldom see each other, or indulge in the sweet interchange of sentiments. But still, though many fond ties are severed, and many fountains of affection and happiness dried up, I would not for *worlds* be as we were three years ago. Oh no! no! The love of Jesus, and the hope of glory more than compensate for all the heart-breakings we meet with in the world. Oh, I can never be thankful enough for the kindness of my God!

I wish I could see you all to-day. I feel as if on the eve of leaving you to take some far distant journey, perhaps never to see you again. I cannot tell the cause of this feeling. That God, who orders all our changes, only knows how widely asunder our lots in life may be cast. But there is one unfailing consolation: the time is coming when we shall meet, and never part. Farewell, dear sister; my love to brother, sister, and L.

LOUISA.

JOURNAL, 1832.

June 24th.—Attended a sacramental meeting at Brown's church.* Felt no joy, but deep conviction of selfishness in seeking my own happiness in religion, rather than the glory of God. Felt strong desires to spend and be spent for God. On my way home my horse fell with me; but I sustained no injury. God's mercy is infinite! Resolved this day that I would seek more religion in my heart, which will give me a solidity and weight of character and enable me to exert a holy influence on all with whom I associate.

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*This church was so named from Mr. Rezeau Brown, a licentiate from the Presbytery of New Brunswick, N. J., who spent a short time at Morgantown in the capacity of a missionary from the Assembly's Board. It is beautifully situated on the summit of a high hill, about six miles from Morgantown. That accomplished and devoted young servant of God now rests from his labours; but there are many by whom those labours will be had in eternal remembrance.—[COMPILER.]

July 17*th.*—The Lord still gives me rest and peace. I am almost *confident* he is preparing me for some trial. I only pray for supporting grace. Lord! do with me as thou wilt; only let all my affections, all my powers, limited as they are, be entirely thine.

Oh, if I had ten thousand souls, how sweet would it be to yield them all to God! But it is his grace alone that imparts to me this disposition. It is Christ's love that "constrains me" to be entirely his. And if he were now to withdraw his special grace one moment, all the evil dispositions of my heart would break out; and I should bring reproach on his dear cause.

LETTER TO HER SISTER-IN-LAW, MRS. M. W. OF WHEELING.

Morgantown, August 1*st*, 1832.

Dear Sister M.

I am thankful for any circumstance that has occasioned the favour of so long a letter from you. You have had many things to harass you since your return home. But there is one thing which comforts me in the

review of all your trials; and that is, that God loves you, and is determined to use every means, however painful to you, to gain all your heart to himself. Afflictions are our greatest mercies. It is the perfection of the Christian's happiness to lose his own will in the will of God. And what is so well calculated to subdue our will, as to find our highest prospects blasted, and all our expectations of *ease* and *rest* here, disappointed? To please God, and to promote his glory, should be our object in every thing: and we should be willing to *do*, or *suffer* any thing, so that we may best answer the end of our existence. And, by the gracious arrangement of our kind Sovereign, our attempts to advance his glory, are the best means of attaining our happiness.

Since you left here, the Lord has been unspeakably kind to me. I have enjoyed *almost uninterrupted* rest. No outward trials—few inward conflicts. I have felt as if reposing on the bosom of my Saviour. I could cheerfully commit myself to his care with all that I have—willing to live or die, to experience happiness or misery, health or

sickness—whatever he sees best for me :— only anxious that I may, in some humble way, promote *his* glory to whom I owe so much. And this has not caused me to be at *ease*, but has urged me continually to seek clearer manifestations of his love. And such a sense of my helplessness has remained with me, as to urge me constantly to a throne of grace.

I have every thing that my heart desires of earthly good. I could be happy with much less. I cannot imagine that any change of worldly circumstances could add to my happiness. Indeed, I should be afraid to have more of this world, lest my heart should be drawn from my dearest Lord. I think I am willing to count all things but loss that I may win Christ, through him be crucified unto the world, and at last appear with him in glory. You say nothing about the female prayer-meeting. I hope it is continued. It would pain me much to hear of its being given up.

Good bye, dear M.; peace be with you.

LOUISA.

From the foregoing exhibition of her exercises and feelings, and the character of her piety, the reader will not easily mistake the *doctrinal views* which she entertained. The lofty standard of Christian character to which she aspired, humble opinion of herself, and her sublime and exalted conceptions of the Divine character; joined to a penetrating sense of her obligations to unmerited mercy, and a fixed and entire dependance on the God of providence and grace, bespeak an intimate, and experimental acquaintance with that doctrinal system, which it is the happiness and honour of the Presbyterian church to receive.* Some

* The British Encyclopedia, a work evidently unfriendly to Calvinism, under the head of *Predestination*, makes the following declaration: "There is one remark which we feel ourselves bound in justice to make, although it appears to us somewhat singular. It is this: that, from the earliest ages down to the present day, if we consider the character of the ancient Stoics, the Jewish Essenes, the modern Calvinists and Jansenists, when compared with that of their antagonists, the Epicureans, the Sadducees, the Arminians, and the Jesuists, we shall find that they

time before she became pious, her discriminating mind enabled her clearly to distinguish between these doctrines, and the shameful caricatures of them, the offspring of ignorance, or malevolence, which every where abound. And, though she found that these doctrines were hated, reviled, ridiculed, and calumniated by a very large portion of mankind, yet the only serious question with her was, "Are they a part of the revelation of God?" A candid and prayerful examination of the Scriptures soon set her mind at rest on this subject; and the blessed influence of these sublime truths was felt by her throughout her subsequent life. In a conversation with the writer, shortly before her departure for India, she expressed herself very strongly in reference to the strengthening, animating, ennobling influence which she derived from this source. Instead of regarding her election and salvation as the result of *foreseen goodness*

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have excelled in no small degree, in the practice of the most rigid and respectable virtues; and have been the highest honour of their own ages, and the best models for imitation to every age succeeding."

in herself, she was at a loss to express her sense of the perfect *freeness* and *sovereignty* of that mercy, to which she owed all her hopes of present and future felicity. And she dwelt upon the cheerfulness with which she could commit herself into the hands of a God of infinite wisdom and benevolence, "who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will," and exercises (according to a wise plan) so perfect a control over all events, as that nothing can occur without his positive *agency*, or wisely intended *permission*. It was sentiments like these that rendered her calm and composed in prospect of committing herself to the winds and the waves, and in view of all the toils and dangers to be encountered in a distant heathen land.

In 1832, the subject of these memoirs was addressed by the Rev. JOHN C. LOWRIE, son of the Hon. WALTER LOWRIE. She was fully aware that he expected to spend his days in a heathen land, under the direction of the Western Foreign Missionary Society. The subject of personal labour among the heathen was not new to her mind. While

praying for the coming of Christ's kingdom, she had often been ready to wish that some way might be opened in which she could go, and tell her perishing fellow creatures, personally, the way of life. Still, a question which involved the comfort and peace of herself and her friends so deeply, she felt it to be her duty to examine with great care, before she came to any decision. Peculiar circumstances rendered her still more sincere and anxious in this inquiry; and her own motives and feelings, no less than the prospect of usefulness, were prayerfully considered.

LETTER TO HER BROTHER, THE REV. N. WILSON, AT ALEXANDRIA, D. C.

Dearest Brother.

I esteem it a great mercy that your ministry has been so much blessed of the Lord. I trust that amidst the showers of blessings which have descended around you, your own soul has been greatly refreshed and invigorated. I have one complaint always to make of your letters: they are too short.

You write as if in a hurry to be done; but I am thankful for even a line from you.

I write at this time to ask your advice on a subject which has for some time been bearing with weight on my mind. For more than a year past my thoughts have dwelt much on the condition of the heathen world. My heart has been deeply affected, when I have read and reflected upon their darkness and degradation; and I have felt strong desires to do them good. At first I knew of no way in which I could benefit them but by my prayers. Afterwards an opportunity was afforded me to contribute to the support of missionaries among them. This I felt to be a great privilege. As I thought more on the subject, my desires for their salvation became still stronger, and I began to inquire whether I had not some additional duty to perform in relation to them. I was convinced from the Scriptures that missionaries should be sent; nay that it was the evident duty of every Christian to do all in his power for the conversion of the heathen. In asking myself what I ought to do for them? as I had not much to give,

I knew of no other way than to give myself to the work—to go to them and labour personally for their salvation. I came to this conclusion before any prospect of going presented itself. I only felt a conviction that if it were the Lord's will that I should go, he would prepare the way." [Mentioning then that the prospect of going had been brought several months previously, before her mind more directly for consideration, and that she had not felt prepared to decide, she continues,] "Home, and the friends of my childhood, appeared to bind me here, with cords that could not be broken; and, still more, a sense of my utter incompetency to fill so important a station made me shrink from the proposal. Still my desires to go were strong, and have continued so. I know I am unworthy to go, but think that through Christ strengthening me, I may be enabled to do some little good—I think more than in my present situation. And, as I desire to live only that I may promote the Saviour's glory, I think I would make choice of that situation in which I can most effectually do this. I cannot have any very dis-

tinct conceptions of the hardships and discouragements I would have to undergo, but, if I know myself, I think I am willing to suffer all things, even death itself, if I may but win some to Christ. The endearments of home, and the ties of friendship seem stronger than ever; but I should not think of them; for Jesus left his home in heaven —the bosom of his Father, to die for me. And should not gratitude constrain me to part with comforts which are transitory at best, that I may render him some small service? Dear brother, I find that I cannot fully express to you my feelings. I wish I could converse with you, and ascertain all your views on this subject. Write to me immediately, if you can; I must very soon come to some conclusion, and the responsibility of deciding whether to go or stay seems too great for me. I almost sink under it. From all the leadings of Providence, and from all that I can know by prayer of the will of God, it seems to be my duty to go. And yet the fear that I am deceiving myself —that I should be a hinderance to others, or prevent some one from going who would be

more competent—these things so agitate my mind that I have nearly lost my bodily strength. E. says, if I feel it to be duty, he will not oppose me. All my religious friends, whose sentiments I have been able to gather, think I ought to go. You will not of course, mention the subject of this letter to any one. Farewell dear brother.

LOUISA A. WILSON.

The simple point before her mind was; "Where can I do most good?" She felt that her covenant engagements did not permit her to ask, "Where can I enjoy the greatest degree of comfort, refinement, or respectability?" though she had been accustomed to all these. "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" and "Here am I; send me!" were petitions often presented by her to a throne of grace. It may be supposed, in view of an inquiry conducted in this manner, that her mind would be plainly directed of the Lord to the proper conclusion. Accordingly we find in her private papers, the following record of her decision,

and her views and motives in reference to an undertaking of such vast importance.

JOURNAL, 1832.

August 26th.—I think my convictions of duty are clear—not to be mistaken; and I now feel determined that, if Providence still point out the way, I will go. Lord, enable me to delight in thy will.

LETTER TO THE REV. N. WILSON, AT ALEXANDRIA.

Morgantown, Sept. 1st, 1832.

I must confess, dear brother, that I was much disappointed in your answer to my letter. That you, who left your home in early youth, (in opposition, too, to the wishes of your friends,) that you might do good—you, who have laboured in the vineyard of Christ until your strength is turned to weakness—who have seen the uncertainty of life and the folly of striving to satisfy the immortal soul with the pleasures of this world—that *you* should be anxious for me to do good only where I may live *at ease*, is to

me indeed, a sore disappointment. How, dear brother, are the heathen to be converted? Is not the command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," still binding? All shall be saved who call upon the name of the Lord. "But how shall they call on him of whom they have not heard; and how shall they hear without a preacher? Is not Christianity the same now that it was in the days of the Apostles? Then there were waste places enough in Judea to occupy their whole time, but they rested not. They spoke first indeed to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, but they preached also to those that were "afar off." Had they cared only for the souls that were near to them, where should we have been at this time? For we are of the wild olive tree. But no, they went out to distant parts and did not count their lives dear to them. And shall we have our charity bounded by our own neighbourhood, or our own country? It is melancholy to reflect on the small amount of good accomplished by the efforts already made; but good has been done, souls have been saved.

And when we consider that one soul, one heathen soul is worth more than the whole material world, we cannot regret that much money and many lives have been sacrificed to effect it. The object in view is worthy of perseverance—the object is attainable. And when men leave their homes and the sweets of Christian friendship with the single intention of bringing souls to Christ, I think their efforts will be blessed, though they may not live to see it. They may die, and by their very death accomplish more than many other Christians through a long life. I think the claims of the heathen are greater, far greater than those of the unconverted among ourselves. *Here* all are favoured with the light if they profit by it. *There* no Sabbath stillness points them to an eternal rest—no bible teaches them to know and love the God of all their mercies. Their habitations are full of cruelty. The females especially are degraded to the level of brutes. I do feel for them. I do desire with the blessing of God, to elevate them; and I do think, if God in his providence still opens the way and makes me feel it to be my duty, that I

will go to them and try to "do them good." It is my comfort that my "sufficiency is of God." Though weak and ignorant, he will be strength and wisdom. I cannot bear the thought of spending a useless life. The same grace that would be required to enable me to be useful here, will, perhaps, enable me to be much more useful in a foreign land. The way appears clear to me. I have no parents to require my attention. Many of my family have gone before me into eternity, and those who remain are happily provided for—there seem to be no difficulties in the way. I do not expect earthly comforts, but I do expect the presence of Jesus. I am not influenced by discontent, or a love of change. My home is as dear to me as ever, and I am happier than ever in my life before. I have many friends, and the Lord inclines them to be very kind to me. "I have all things and abound," so that after examining myself, I can think of no unsatisfied earthly desire. I am happy while watching by the bed of sickness, or standing over the corpse of the dearest friend, if I have only the love of Jesus in my heart. I

am happy no where without that love. I have been schooled by affliction. I have early been taught, through the mercy of God, that there is no bright spot in this world where the soul may rest at ease. I look to heaven as my home; and it is my sweet consolation that every moment draws me nearer to it. Yet I am not weary of life, but desire to live just as long as I may do any good in the world. Dear N. I hope you will not blame me for my decision. I leave it all with the Lord, and pray that, if it is not best that I should go, he would in his providence prevent it. I hope you will seek the direction of the Lord for me, remembering that to the prayer "thy kingdom come," is added "thy will be done." I hope you will write to me soon and tell me if you think I am "beside myself," or if you do not think on reflection that I ought to go. Farewell. May the Lord delight to dwell with you all continually.

Yours affectionately,

LOUISA A. WILSON.

September —. I have read "Gordon Hall's Appeal," and feel glad that I have determined to devote my body as a "living sacrifice" to the Lord. Indeed I have never regretted it a moment. I now feel no solicitude on the subject, except that I may be so purified by grace divine, that I may be useful either in life, or in death. It may be, that I shall yet be prevented from going. I desire to have no will but the Lord's—but I can conceive of no greater disappointment. I have prayed, that if I should be a hinderance, or prevent a blessing from resting on the labours of others, I might be detained. And it may be that I shall. Even so, Father, whatsoever seems good in thy sight.

September 11*th.*—I never felt so anxious for good health; and yet I never felt stronger apprehension of a total failure of it. The Lord knows what is best for *me*, and what will most promote *his glory*.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

[*Date not known.*]

It was very kind, to set forth so plainly the difficulties and hardships of missionary

life. Perhaps the cause of my thinking separation from friends the hardest trial is, that I have already experienced its bitterness, and fear to endure it again. Being entirely unacquainted with the other difficulties, I cannot realize them. I do not know that I can take "a common sense view" of these difficulties, but I think I can take a faith's view of them which is not contrary to *common sense.* I believe that God's mercy is as large as his omnipotence. I believe he loves his own children, and will withhold no good thing from them. He has said, "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." And when I remember, that neither tribulation, nor famine, nor sword, can separate us from *the love of Christ;* I feel willing to encounter all these. I have been reading my favorite chapters, Rom. xii. Col. iii. and Heb. xi. and feel convinced that the Christian is required to give up *all* for Christ: and these, with the 46th. Psalm convince me also that, through Christ strengthening him, he *can do it.*

I have been, indeed, tenderly dealt with—

have had every indulgence—many kind friends. For these I thank the Giver. But I feel that I have *rested* too much in them; and when streams of earthly comfort fail, I will go to the Fountain. I wish to lean *singly* on the bosom of my God.

As to the labour I should have to perform, though unaccustomed to it, I believe God would help me; I find it impossible to perform the common and every day duties of life without his assisting grace. * * * Will not God still afford me strength if I give myself up to him? I think he will. This body may sink under accumulated sufferings and may soon die—I think this most probable; but *long* life does not appear at all important to me. I want busy life, one full of efforts to do good, that when the end does come I may receive the welcome, "*Well done*, good and *faithful*."

The thought of labouring "with no fruit, no appearance of fruit," appears very hard to bear, but even here the promise is sufficient, "cast thy bread upon the waters," &c.

L. A. W.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO MRS. M. W., OF WHEELING.

Morgantown, Sept. 17, 1832.

DEAR M.,

If I were now with you, I could talk a great deal to you and say many things which I cannot communicate on paper. I have had many long seasons of joy and comfort this summer, but it seems now that winter clouds have gathered over me and spread thick gloom over all my prospects. Within a few days I have felt much of that weariness of life, that is so sinful, and with which I used to be so much troubled. I have experienced so much of this feeling, that, a few days since, looking at some withering flowers, I involuntarily exclaimed, "Oh that I with you might fade, and with you fall and die." It is because of the sins of my heart that I feel thus. I am conscious that I make so little progress in the divine life, though I have so many helps and so much to urge me on, that I become discouraged. I do not wish to live unless for some good purpose, for some good

end, and I am weary of my useless existence. Oh, for more of the spirit of Christ, that I may live and do my Master's will continually. * * *

M. A.'s health is slowly improving, but I think she will not visit Wheeling this autumn. I wish her very much to go, and will do my best to urge her off. But if I should go to the Eastward before that time, I do not know how it will be. The future is so uncertain that it seems almost folly to be planning what we will do; and yet we are continually planning. It is an unspeakable comfort that, though "a man's heart deviseth his way, the Lord directeth his steps." So may it be with us! Dear M., your letters always give me pleasure, and I hope you will write to me whenever you feel at liberty, and say all that your heart dictates; and oh, dear M., whenever you bow before the Lord, pray for me. This is the greatest favour I have to ask. Farewell, dear, dear sister, and may your Redeemer be your husband, and God in his holy habitation be a Father to your children.

Ever your affectionate sister,

LOUISA.

From this period until the month of May following, when the mission family sailed for India, she was anxious to become better qualified, especially in the experience of grace, for the great work in prospect; and she spared no efforts to interest the affections, and the prayers of the people of God, in behalf of missions generally, and of the particular mission in which she expected to embark. It is believed that she was much favoured of the Lord in securing the warm affections, and the prayers of many dear followers of the Saviour; and that her memory will long be embalmed in the hearts of very many in different places, who loved her dearly (as a friend remarked) "for her Master's sake, for her work's sake, and for her own sake."

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

————, *Sept.* 18, 1832.

Though I feel so little for the heathen, I am pained to perceive that none, whom I see, appear to feel much more. I yesterday returned from * * *, where I attended a four days' meeting. In all the prayers I

heard, the heathen were only once remembered: and among all the petitions which the ministers urged us to present at a throne of grace, they never once said, Pray that all the ends of the earth may see the salvation of our God. It is true the heathen were often mentioned, to show by contrast the high privileges we enjoy, and Mr. * * * once said, "While men here go with difficulty to eternal ruin, through light, and Christian influence, and the strivings of the Spirit, the heathen go on in an *easy unobstructed path to hell.*" At that moment, I felt anguish of spirit. And shall we remain here at ease, and throw in their way no obstacle to prevent their destruction? Shall we not lift up one cry, or make one effort to save them? Such were the thoughts that passed through my mind. If Christians would only feel more deeply and pray more earnestly on the subject, I should feel greater encouragement.

LOUISA A. WILSON.

LETTER TO HER SISTER, MRS. A. P. C., AT STEUBENVILLE.

Morgantown, Oct. 6, 1832.

Dear Sister A.

I received your long looked for letter in due time, and should have answered it sooner, had I not heard you were in W., where I knew you would hear from us. I am glad you are so pleasantly situated; and hope you, and brother C. may be abundantly happy and useful. This lovely day reminds me of delightful seasons, now past and gone; when, with hearts gushing with youthful affection, we wandered side by side, over our native hills; or sitting on the moss-covered log, read, or listened to the sweet strains of some favourite poet; stopping at intervals, to listen to the varied melody of the forest musicians, or to express to each other the feelings which the loveliness of the landscape inspired. Dear A., those were happy days; yet not so happy as *this*. *Then* we worshipped nature. *Now* we love—we adore nature's God. Then, though surrounded by many things to delight and ex-

hilarate, we felt a want of something; for we were orphans, and our hearts yearned for those dear parental bosoms, which had been the source of our joys, the resting place in all our sorrows. Now we have a Father in heaven who watches over us with constant care; we have those raised up for us, on whom our affections are placed; who rejoice when we rejoice, and weep when we weep. We are satisfied. And if all these comforts should be taken from us, and the brightness of this world should be changed to gloom, we have a sweet hope of a happy immortality, when, after sorrow and sighing are over, we shall rest in the presence of Jesus, with that circle of beloved friends who have gone before us.

Oh! shall we ever, for one moment forget that all these mercies are the gift of God, through Jesus Christ? We are encompassed by his love. Oh! shall not this thought penetrate our very souls, and cause us to render to him the tribute of grateful hearts, and untiring obedience.

At a sacramental meeting here, two weeks since, E. W. united with the church. She,

with her four children, were baptized on Saturday evening. An interesting sight—a widow presenting herself and her fatherless babes to the Lord. Three others were admitted to the church.

I am very busy a small part of every day, in translating a life of William Tell from the French. This I find to be a pleasant occupation. I have been preparing for a visit to Alexandria, D. C., but as the cholera is now there, I am not sure that I shall go.

Yours affectionately,

LOUISA.

LETTER TO A LADY IN WHEELING.

Morgantown, Oct. —, 1832.

I do thank you, my dear friend, for your unwearied kindness. Your second letter was more than I could have expected—but very dear as a proof of the sincerity of your friendship. I must say that you infuse a little of your own zeal into me, and while reading your letter, I felt my heart glow with love for you, principally because I perceive that you so much love the heathen. O that every child of God might be awaken-

ed to a sense of his duty with regard to their benighted souls. My heart aches sometimes because I cannot feel more for them, or do them more good. Do tell me how I may be more useful as a private Christian in promoting the cause of Missions. I wish to do every thing in my power. I think I feel willing to make any sacrifice. But from my little zeal, my want of moral and intellectual preparation, I fear the Lord will not permit me to go as a messenger of mercy to the heathen, whom I pity, and whose souls I do in some measure love. It seems like presumption in me to hope for such an employment, but I do desire it. To be always employed for Christ, how delightful the thought! No toil, no danger, no suffering is too great to be endured for him. Oh, my dear friend, it should be no self-denial to give up all for our precious Saviour. No, no; it should be our greatest joy. And then all that we can do, all the love we can feel, falls so infinitely short of the love of Jesus for perishing souls, that when we have done all we should weep that we cannot do more.

How gladly would I have been seated with you and listened to those "feeling and pathetic descriptions of the condition of the heathen." In imagination I see your eyes now sparkling with delight,—now dimmed with tears of pity. I think it probable that had I been there I might, as you observe, "have been quite persuaded." I wish I could see you. * * *

When I left you, the cheerful fields and sweet flowers of May lighted up in the heart bright hopes, and prospects of blooming hours and heart-felt joys. With me, however, such hopes have often been disappointed,—my prospects often clouded,—my early friends one after another torn from me, in order that my heart might be duly humbled. And finding that my heart, after all, was so proud,—so far from God,—I could not but fear that sorrow after sorrow in one unbroken chain would mark my footsteps to the grave. The Lord has thus far been better to me than my fears. For a few months past the colour of my existence has been changed. Clouds have given way to sunshine. The Lord is good and doeth good—

is my song, and praised be his name for evermore. Though fearing always some new affliction, and burdened often with a sense of that rebellion of heart which renders affliction necessary, yet the Lord has hitherto sustained me, and three summer months have been so many months of summer to my soul. And now though summer joys have fled, and nature has put on the faded garb of autumn, and that too will soon be laid aside for the gloomy attire of winter, yet I do not feel that the heart should necessarily partake of the colour of surrounding scenes; but if steadfastly fixed on Christ, it may enjoy the life and freshness of spring-time continually. O if the love of Christ can make the soul so happy amidst the sins and sorrows of this world, what will be the joys of heaven!

I have a plan for doing good, (for you to do good I mean,) and that is, for you to write on the subject of Missions, and publish in the "Pittsburgh Christian Herald." You can speak to the hearts of females, for you have a mother's feelings, and you appreciate the blessings you enjoy as a wife and mother, through the influence of the

Gospel—blessings so far superior to those enjoyed in heathen lands. Mr. L. says he finds more of a missionary spirit among females, than among the other sex; and no wonder, for Christianity has done more for them than for men. The first sincere sorrow I recollect ever to have felt for heathen females, was one day when a company of Indians came here begging. I saw them pass through the yard of the house, the females carrying their children and bending under the weight of other burdens, walked humbly behind the men, who, having nothing to carry, stalked proudly on without any concern for their miserable wives. I burst into tears, and fell on my knees to thank the Lord for the blessings of the Gospel, and to pray that it might be made known in every land.

Good bye: may every blessing that the Lord sees good for you, be yours.

LOUISA.

JOURNAL, 1832.

October 8th.—Now the stream of life flows smoothly on—no care—no sorrow. Oh, my precious Saviour! I would thank

thee for these rich blessings thou hast so dearly bought for me. I would serve thee with joyfulness and gladness of heart; for thou art good, and doest good.

October 10*th.*—The hope of heaven, and sweet communion with God make the toils and sufferings of this present time light. Oh that God would grant me this favour that I might always be near him, that I might always glorify him.

October 20*th.*—For what do I live? Have I any business here on earth, but to serve the Lord? I know of none. And yet, my soul! dost thou live for God? for eternity? I fear I do not. One hope there is for me; my soul has a relish for holiness. This is implanted by grace, for I have it not by nature.

I continually plan for myself, and set my heart on my plans: and when I see there is danger of their being frustrated, then I am all in despair. Oh! this carnal, self-sufficient, mind; how weary am I of it!

It is now my purpose, if the Lord permit, to go to heathen lands. This undertaking does not appear distressing to me, but awfully

responsible. Doubt, as to my capacity and preparation, makes me very fearful that the Lord will not permit me to go. I do most ardently desire it. I would consider it a high privilege; and the sacrifices I should make, are no more than my heart subscribed to, when I first gave myself to the Lord. The trials and sufferings I may have to endure, cannot be equal to those of Christ, and therefore are not worthy of a thought in comparison with his love. All my concern is, to be prepared for usefulness. I do not wish to go, to be a clog, or to prevent the blessing of God on the mission. And yet I feel that it would be very humiliating to be kept at home: and I need humbling so much that I fear this will be my appointed lot. Well: I must love God's glory more than all things beside. And if he should see fit to deprive me of the sweet pleasure of making known the love of Christ to souls perishing in ignorance, I must humbly submit; and rejoice that he can raise up instruments better fitted to promote his name's glory. Grant it, even so Lord Jesus—that thy will may be done in, and by me. Grant

that I may be willing to go or to stay; to live or to die; to be happy or wretched: only let thy grace be sufficient for me; and let thy name be glorified in the conversion of wretched heathen souls. Amen.

Those, who were intimately acquainted with the subject of this memoir, were delighted with her peculiarly pleasing vivacity of mind and manner. Her lively flow of spirits and her animated conversation evinced the loveliness and cheerfulness at once of her disposition, and of her religion. Indeed few persons could be in her company without feeling that her piety, while truly spiritual in its tone, was at the same time cheerful and beautiful in its character; religion itself was loved for her sake in whose conversation and spirit its influence was so happily exemplified.

Her immediate friends, also, love to recollect, though it is with a mournful pleasure, her deeply affectionate disposition. This was best appreciated by those to whom she was best known, and their knowledge of those springs of pure and warmly affectionate

feeling, with which her nature was endowed, greatly increase their estimate of the sacrifice which she made in deciding on missionary life. It is not, however, our object to eulogize her virtues; we wish rather that her own writings should illustrate her character. In the writings and letters already submitted to the reader he will see, no doubt, much to interest his feelings; other letters would place in still more interesting light the traits, to which we have just adverted, as well as lead to inferences of a more general nature, but their insertion is precluded by their personal references. In the letters and extracts from her papers which are yet to be made, and which we shall sometimes introduce without particular mention of dates or places, it will be seen how "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," were under the control of divine grace; often the sentiments which she expresses display her intellectual powers, and affectionate disposition, not less than the general excellence of her religious character.

"I once heard Mr. ——, remark that 'it required no more grace for a man to leave

all and go among the heathen, than to enable a Christian to live right at home.' I was surprised at the assertion and disputed the point with him. But I have lately thought perhaps he was right. We may nerve our minds to make almost any sacrifice, and sustained by philosophy alone, we may endure separation from our dearest enjoyments with stoical calmness; but to live by faith from day to day, to resist every moment the desires of a wicked heart, the fascinations of a false but beautiful world, and the incessant attacks of the enemy of souls, requires a persevering exercise of patience and faith that God alone can bestow. But his promises are sufficient, and though 'cast down I am not discouraged.' "

"I do not feel much concern about possessing worldly wisdom, though I have no objections to it; but to possess that sincere love to Christ and deep acquaintance with him in all his offices, and the enlightening of the Holy Spirit, which are necessary to correct reasoning on salvation through his

name, is what I want. My hope is in God's word,—(James i. 5,) comforts me."

"Are you ever troubled with the sin of idle words? or can you think of what you please, when you please? Should we ever speak without having some object in view, either to communicate or to obtain instruction? Can Christians ascertain each night if they have grown in grace through the day? Or can we 'assure our hearts' before God, unless we can perceive that we have exercised some self-denial, or have done something for Christ's cause, or for the comfort of our fellow creatures? Is there not danger sometimes of Christians reading the Bible and other good books with a view merely of obtaining intellectual enjoyment, without taking them as the food of the heart? Is such reading profitable? In prayer, should we only pray for such things as we feel inclined to at the time, or should we mention all such things as our judgment teaches us are proper to be prayed for? Would we ever feel sorrow, even at the disappointment of our dearest hopes, if

our own affections were mortified—our own will lost in that of God? May we hope in this life to have our own wills at all times lost in that of God? If we think of anything more than we do of God, is it not proof that we love that object more than God? * * * I do feel oppressed with a sense of my own ignorance, and I do long for that time when we shall no longer see in part or know in part, but when "we shall know even as we are known."

"At night I went to hear N———, he preached a missionary sermon from the text 'Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.' I thought it a very good sermon, and felt my faith strengthened by it. One thing he said which I wish to remember, 'It is absurd to talk of difficulties when we acknowledge the omnipotence of God.' This sermon was to prepare the people for the anniversary of their Missionary Society, which is to be held next week. Would it not be well for ministers always to preach a missionary sermon on the Sunday before monthly concert? It would arouse and prepare the people."

"Once after retiring to rest, in order to have time to think, I tried to appear to sleep —and was just meditating a little on "The field is the world," when I was aroused with 'Are not the bonnets now worn very ugly?' I gave a hearty assent, and relapsed into the appearance of sleep. But Mrs. ——— was in the humour for talking, and she presently mustered such an array of bonnets, caps, laces, curls, silks, dresses, &c. before the eyes of my fancy, that when she ceased, and I again attempted to resume my train of thought, the scene was curiously changed. The mighty field of the world seemed still spread out before me, but instead of presenting to the eye millions of inhabitants, with immortal souls groping in darkness, and but here and there a spot enlightened by Salvation's beams—all appeared covered with creatures without souls, being formed of silks, gauzes, &c. having life and motion, but having no other business here than to examine into each other's texture, beauty, and fashion —but I fear you will be as little edified as I was." [Do not the conduct and character of no small part of the living world around us

correspond too accurately with the lively sketch presented in this extract? How few there are whose chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy him forever !]

"There is no single view I can take of myself that can give me satisfaction; yet I do find satisfaction, yes, intense happiness in looking to Christ. He is all sufficient; all that I ask is that I may live still looking to him and trusting in him. I feel the need of a large increase of faith. I have been led to think of this, particularly, from visiting a very aged couple, much afflicted and very poor, who I cannot think have ever truly embraced Christ as their Saviour. They appear to be so contented with the state of their souls, that even while trying to open their eyes to their true condition, I cannot feel much hope that they will yet be enlightened. I measure the power of the Almighty too much by my own. Certainly the usefulness of missionaries, as well as of all Christians, depends very much on their having strong faith. We see some ministers in this country, who, being fond of study themselves,

think the best way to bring souls to Christ is by a course of intellectual training; this training is certainly laudable, but they are too apt to think the mental improvement must be accomplished first, and perhaps do not expect, and consequently do not pray with faith that their souls may *now* be saved. In this way teachers of the heathen may err; they cannot believe that the light of divine truth can shine into minds dwelling in such gross ignorance; they begin to teach, but have no expectation—except for the future, after they shall have been taught —that their souls can be saved. In the mean time many may be taken away from the reach of Christian effort or prayer. Man plans, conscientiously no doubt, but will not expect God's work to prosper until his plans are accomplished. I may be wrong in all this, I have formed my opinions chiefly from my own experience with regard to Sunday School scholars."

"Mr. ——, in prayer always remembers the Missionaries,—I love him for doing so. * * * Yes, the time will soon come when

it will not be necessary to travel about from church to church to tell Christians that there are souls whose salvation depends on their exertions, that they ought so to pray and so to live that the light of the Gospel might be sent throughout the world—oh yes, the time must come when every man that reads a Bible, every soul that feels the love of Christ, will take no rest while there is one immortal being destitute of the knowledge of the true God. We have every thing to hope, nothing to fear; we may die, or may not be counted worthy to go, but the God of Missions lives,—it is his cause, and he will make it prosper. Do not be discouraged, * * * though Christians are few, and these few fail in love, yet God is strong, he loves his cause." * *

"While in Washington, amidst so much gayety and splendour, I thought even more than usual of the probable scenes of our future life,—and comparing our prospects with those of others around me, I was more than ever satisfied with my choice. Any situation that will necessarily lead us constantly

to feel our dependance on God and drive us nearer to him is the one I would choose. * * * I felt much fear in going to W. but while there, though seldom alone and with but little time for prayer, yet I recollect no time when I have, in the midst of company, been able to hold such sweet communion with Jesus. I fear I indulged too much in trifling conversation, yet when a moment was given for reflection, my soul seemed to spring free from the fetters that would bind it here, and held converse with its highest love."

Referring to some discouraging circumstances, in one of her letters she writes, "And now when our prospects seem to be somewhat darkened, and our dearest hopes of usefulness in danger of being cut off, I can yet trust Him; Jesus speaks to *us*, "Let not your heart be troubled." Our plans may fail, the Lord's cannot;—his cause will prosper, his name will be made known, and his glory fill the earth. There is too much selfishness in all our attempts to do God service,—we wish to do it in our

own way, and too often when he points out another we despond. * * Let us have *full confidence* in our God—he will direct us. We "owe him an eternal debt of gratitude for our conversion," (if we are converted,) and in the humblest, most thorny path that leads *to Heaven*, our hearts should be filled with rejoicing, and our mouths with praise. "Be ye thankful" is the command under all circumstances—"Peace" is his legacy to us, it is our privilege to enjoy it, and, blessed be his name, he gives me much of it. * * * It may evidently not be our duty to go as the Lord's messengers to the heathen. I cannot but feel regret—more perhaps on my own account, for if we are set aside, I believe others more worthy will be sent,—but as soon as a home in this beloved land is presented, * * * with Christian friends around, within the sound of Sabbath-bells, and the enjoyment of Sabbath privileges, so many bright scenes of enjoyment present themselves, that I fear my heart will be bound to earth. I think it is best for me to have but little enjoyment in this world, but *any thing* with the love

of Christ and I am content * * * I know not whether I can look very well at the "bright side" of things. I believe I look too much at myself, and seeing no bright side there, I conclude all is rather dark. Oh for grace to look always to Christ! —he is the bright and the morning star, he is the light of our life."

"The last night, (of a journey she was making,) was so bright and beautiful, as to arouse in Mr. —— all the romantic feelings of his youth, and the songs that then delighted him were all sung over. * * * I do not wonder there are so many unhappy matches in this world of ours, for, with the excitement of music, and poetry, and moonlight, imagination takes the reins, bids 'good by' to reason, and for the time being this world appears to be just what we would have it; hope clothes the future with even brighter tints than the present scene,—there is no fear of disappointment or sorrow, prudence is forgotten, and passion holds undisputed sway. However, I have not felt in this way for a long time, not even when

rolling on swiftly in the stage, listening to Mr. ——'s exciting songs. I think I have had too many lessons ever to feel so again. I feel that we are in the hands of a gracious God, and he may see that it is best for us to disappoint our dearest hopes, and for myself I try to live daily in the sacrifice of the dearest objects of my affections to him. My heart often seeks rest in earthly things— * * *—but I believe a higher principle is implanted, and I cannot find rest but by trusting simply in Him, and committing my all into his hands. Leaving home was the severest trial I have lately had. I could not divest myself of the thought that it was forever, and I could find no pleasure, * * * but it is all over now; the cords that bound me are untwisted, my heart is free, I have no home but heaven. I do not think it will cost me so much feeling when I take my final leave."

Some of her friends were at first unwilling that she should embark in a foreign mission; not only because they were reluctant to part with so beloved a relative, but on account of the precarious state of her

health. This will explain some things in a few of the following letters.

LETTER TO HER SISTER-IN-LAW, MRS. M. W., OF WHEELING.

Alexandria, D. C., Dec. 28th, 1832.

DEAR SISTER M.

After travelling two days and nights, without an hour's rest, we reached Washington city; and by means of hack and steam-boat were soon transported to this place. And here I am among strangers, yet feeling quite *at home:* for I am with those who love the same Father. I never feel like a stranger among Christians; but I do not expect to be always thus blessed. Dear M., you know from the whole tenor of my life that I love you, and would not willingly give you pain. On the contrary, I would do any thing, consistent with duty, to add to your happiness. But I do think, from present convictions of duty, that I must leave you—bid you farewell, with no hope of seeing you until, with all our beloved friends, who have gone before us, we meet around the throne above.

Providence may yet shut up the way ; and, on account of my unfitness for the work, I may be laid aside. But if the Lord shall regard my desires, and accept of my weak services, it is my fixed intention to spend my life among the heathen. Perhaps you may all blame me, dear sister ; perhaps you may think that I am wanting in affection, or imagine that I have not counted the cost. But I have looked at it in every possible light. I have endeavoured to examine myself ; and unless I am greatly deceived, the sole motive that influences my determination is a desire to serve and glorify God. What I may have to suffer, I cannot even imagine ; but I can confide in the promises of God. I know he will not forsake us ; and while under his care, what can harm us ? Parting with all of you appears, at present, the severest trial I shall undergo ; and believe me, dear M., it will be as painful to *me* as it can possibly be to any of you. But will you not cheerfully give me up to the Lord, and pray that I may be strengthened for the work, and made a blessing to others ? If the Lord spare us, and our present pros-

pects are realized, we expect to sail in May next. If so, I hope to be with you in March. I fear brother W. will be displeased, and feel disposed to censure me. But I hope he will be convinced that I am doing right. If I were going to the East to receive a fortune, would he not give his consent? And why not in the present instance, if I am to receive an everlasting treasure after death? I wish he would consider this.

Farewell dear sister; ever yours in love.

LOUISA.

P. S. Some part of India will probably be the field of labour.

LETTER TO A LADY IN WHEELING.

Alexandria, D. C., Jan. 5th, 1833.

Many engagements, my dear madam, have prevented my writing until my date is 1833. There is something solemn in the commencement of a year. At that period the question often occurs, What will be my lot this year? Shall I live nearer to my God? Or shall I bring reproach on his dear cause? To me

this is a peculiarly interesting period, for it is most probable that in the providence of God this year may witness important changes in my life. I believe you are my friend, and I know that you take a deep interest in the holy cause of missions, and I believe it but proper to tell you that it is my heart's desire to devote myself to this cause; and it is my determination, if the Lord still make the way plain, I will go—yes! it is the language of my heart,

> In the deserts let me labour,
> On the mountains let me tell,
> How he died—the blessed Saviour—
> To redeem a world from hell.

I thank you for all the encouragement you have given me, and still more for your prayers. Will you pray less fervently for me, now that you know my determination?

It is our present expectation that the Western Foreign Missionary Society will send out a mission in the spring, in April or May. The time appears short—so soon to leave you all! But blessed privilege, so soon to be engaged in this labour of love! I feel

a strange mingling of emotions, but joy still prevails; for I do wish to be more useful than I am here. To-morrow the sacrament of the supper is to be celebrated in the church here. It seems to be a very proper work at the commencement of a year to renew the sacramental covenant and make a fresh dedication of *all* to God. Oh for nearer views of my Saviour—more ardent zeal, purer motives, and more simple dependance on Christ!

The prayers especially of Christians are needed for the success of Missions. Money may be given, missionaries may be sent, and much labour employed, but without the Holy Spirit's influence, not one darkened soul will be brought into light and life. Oh! how few Christians pray as they should for the heathen. Some appear to think that once in a month is sufficient, and others scarcely pray for them as often as that. When will the world be converted at this rate? I would say to you, to all, If you love the cause of Christ, if you wish to promote his glory, PRAY, PRAY, PRAY.

My health is now perfectly good, and I

am stronger than I have been for some years. I hope the Lord is giving me strength as a part of my preparation for his work. I only wish for strength to be spent in his service. I depend on your keeping the contents of this letter entirely secret. I have written to M. of my expectations, but do not wish them to be generally known.

Good bye, dear friend, may peace be with you.

LOUISA A. WILSON.

JOURNAL, 1833.

January 6th, Alexandria, D. C.—This day enjoyed the blessed privilege of sitting down at the table of the Lord. It has been to me a feast of gladness. This has not often been the case. When I see how I have dishonoured Him who has done and suffered so much for me, sorrow fills my heart. At such seasons I have usually had convictions of some particular besetting sin. To-day I have not had more than a general view of defilement in every thing.

LETTER TO HER SISTER-IN-LAW, MRS. M. W., OF WHEELING.

Alexandria, D. C., Jan. 15th, 1833.

DEAREST SISTER M.

As much as the prospect of bidding you farewell for life may affect you, I assure you that you do not feel it more sensibly than I do; for my heart clings to you, and to your dear children. You have been more than a sister—you have been a mother to me. Those kindnesses which are lightly valued by those who have parents, are deeply felt and long remembered by the *orphan* heart. Dear M., I do not forget your kindness. It has won my love. And much happiness could I find, through life, with no other employment than that of promoting yours, and the best interests of your children. But you, M., dear as you are to me, have not so strong a claim upon me as my Saviour. You have contributed to my happiness in *this life;* He has purchased for me *eternal life*. *He* claims *all* my heart, *all* my services; and where his providence calls me to labour, there I must go.

'Tis true you need the cherishing kindness of friends; for you have suffered severe affliction, and feel a loneliness of heart, which leads you to solace yourself in the affections of those who sympathize with you. But still M., you have parents, children, home, Christian friends, Christian privileges, the Bible, and a God of love, who is ever ready to hear your cry—ever ready to say to the tempest-tost soul, "Peace, be still." Think you, dear M., are there no widows, no orphans in heathen lands? Ah yes! and theirs are, indeed, days of gloom. The heathen *wife* is not much respected; the widow still less. Her means of support are gone; friends prove unkind, and often her only alternative is to submit to voluntary degradation, in order to gain a pittance to satisfy the cravings of hunger. There no Christian charity lends its aid; no Christian's Bible is there to instruct. Slaves to the most abject vices, hateful themselves and hating one another, they long for, and yet fear death. Oh! the daughters of Zion do not prize as they should the rich blessings they enjoy. They do not think

enough of the condition of those who are destitute of the gospel, and who seek rest and find none. Their systems of religion cannot comfort the afflicted soul. They have nothing to raise them above the troubles of this life; and what is still worse, they have no light to guide them to heaven. Dear M., will you not gladly spare me, if I may but be instrumental in leading a few of these benighted souls to the Fountain of bliss? Can you consistently pray for their salvation, if you are not willing, for their sakes, to forego the little gratification of my society? Assuredly, it is the duty of *some persons* to be missionaries: and who can be found to engage in this work who will not have some sacrifices to make? A lady once told me, she thought it would be easy for *me* to go, as I had no parents living; yet it still seems hard. But many have gone and left parents behind. Yes! parents have blessed their children and encouraged them to go. This is the true spirit of the gospel. It is forgetting self in love for Christ. Oh, M. if I could have your entire approbation, and the hearty concurrence of

all my friends, I should be too happy! Do pray for more of a missionary spirit, and you will then rejoice, you will praise the Lord that I am counted worthy to suffer in so good a cause. And now, with all my anxiety to be engaged in this work, I fear I may be prevented. Mr. Lowrie's health is not perfectly good; and if it should fail seriously we shall settle down at home. By this we shall ascertain the Lord's will respecting it; if Mr. L.'s health should be good and all things prosper according to expectation, we expect to leave during next spring. But if not we shall conclude that the Lord has selected more worthy labourers for the foreign field, and we shall seek to glorify him in some other way.

As to W., his letter gave me much pain; and I do not know how to overcome his objections. I cannot reason with him, because he does not understand my principle of action. But if he loves me, as I trust he does, and as I hope he ever will, would it not be kindness in him to permit me to seek my happiness in that way which I think is right? I do not think I have been guilty of

a want of deliberation. I have tried to view the subject in every possible light. If, by remaining in this country, I could have any assurance of longer life, or of greater usefulness, perhaps I might be induced to stay. But W. has had frequent, recent, and melancholy proofs, that even here our dearest friends must die; and that many who live are wretched. And wretched, I know, I should be if the path of duty were made plain to me, and I refused to walk in it. 'Tis true, in this country, I might find a field of usefulness. And I hope, if Providence shut up the way to more destitute places, that I shall be heartily engaged in doing good here. But among the heathen I have a prospect of doing a greater amount of good. *Their* claims are the strongest. Here, all enjoy the light of the gospel, all have the Bible; and if any are unenlightened it is their own fault.

W. thinks I "must be changed." I do not know that I am, except that I am not quite so cheerful as formerly; but I would be so if W., and all of you, would cheerfully

say, "Louisa, do just what you think right, and may God bless you."

Yours affectionately,

LOUISA.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO MISS C. B. OF MORGANTOWN.

Alexandria, D. C., Feb. 13th, 1833.

For two weeks, I have been afflicted with a severe cold. My cough is also bad. But while life appears so uncertain, I have great peace and joy in my soul. I feel that it would be "far better to depart and be with Christ," than to walk in the most flowery paths of life, because there we shall "never, never sin."

Yesterday was one year since my dear brother Alpheus found a watery grave.* I feared the approach of the day, lest I should be oppressed with melancholy feelings. But I was led to reflect on the mercy of God in

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* ALPHEUS P. WILSON, Esq., of Morgantown, was drowned in the Monongahela river, at Brownsville., Pennsylvania, February 12th, 1832.

overruling all for good, as he has evidently done; and his kindness in placing me in circumstances of such entire happiness, compared with my situation last year.

Ever your friend,

LOUISA A. WILSON.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO HER BROTHER, MR. G. W. W., OF WHEELING.

Alexandria, D. C., March 2d, 1833.

To make known to the heathen the way of salvation, is a duty plainly inculcated in the Scriptures—a duty to which the regenerate heart cannot fail to respond. But this cannot be accomplished without making some sacrifices. Friends must be left behind. And why should not I, highly favoured of the Lord as I have ever been; why should not I, as a tribute of gratitude, be willing to make these sacrifices? Few, indeed, have as many kind friends to leave: few have found so much enjoyment in the society of kindred hearts: but dearly as I love you all; much as it adds to my happiness to be with you; still, still I love my Saviour more. And though far from you,

in heathen lands, if blessed with his presence and love, I shall be happy. Do not, dear brother, take so gloomy a view of the subject. Remember that when the heart is at ease, then, and only then, all is well. But if I should be forced to remain in this country, do you think I should be happy? No! no! If you love me, then, if you still desire to promote the happiness of one whom you have ever kindly cherished, only give your full consent to my wishes, and from my heart I will thank you.

Mr. Lowrie is now in town. Under all circumstances, we deem it most expedient to be married here. His father and N. both approve of this arrangement; and next Tuesday morning is the time fixed upon for the performance of the ceremony.

I have been very unwell with a protracted cold and cough—am now better, though still coughing a good deal. I hope travelling may cure me. I hope to see you soon: till then, good bye, dear brother, and believe me

Your affectionate sister,

LOUISA.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

[*Date not given.*]

In our trip we met with but one incident: in ascending a high mountain, the horses proved refractory, and refused to pull. Some of the passengers led, while others whipped the horses. Mr. *, and I walked on about two miles, beguiling the darkness and roughness of the way with conversation. I thought of the journeyings in which we might be engaged in foreign lands, amidst darkness and peril, with no kind friends to await our arrival, and bid us kindly welcome. But why did I think so? Is not the Lord Jesus himself, with many of our beloved friends, waiting to welcome us to the mansions of rest, when the toilsome journey of life is over? We shall also have a guide even unto death, to whom "the darkness and the light are both alike." Then let us never fear. It is not in the power of earthly changes to make us long unhappy. Though deprived of the comforts which now surround us; though cut off from the joys of Christian society, with our eyes fixed on the cross, we

will not shrink; with the star of Bethlehem for our guide we shall steer safely amidst life's most dreary tempests. I cannot form any correct conception of the sufferings we may have to endure; but I know that the grace of God is sufficient for us: and the severest trials can do no more than hasten death, and death has lost its terrors. Then let us trust in the Lord, and serve him with all our hearts, and we shall be happy in any circumstances. I am, this morning, looking at all the difficulties of life through the prism of faith. The love of Jesus tinges the darkest clouds with rainbow radiance. It is a consolation that we can but die; and, through Christ, there is victory in death, and after death there is glory.

LOUISA.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO MISS J. I. P., OF MORGANTOWN.

Wheeling, March 16th, 1833.

DEAR J.

You were not, perhaps, surprised to hear of my marriage to Mr. Lowrie. I think the Lord has thus far directed my steps.

And now there is a prospect of having the most dearly cherished desires of my heart fulfilled. Oh! I do praise the Lord for the prospect of making known to the heathen the glad news of salvation. It is his work; and he will reward all who engage in it with the richest spiritual blessings. Come life or death! any thing that the Lord appoints will be sweet. I am anxious to be gone: not that my affection for my home, my country, or my dear friends has diminished. No, they seem to entwine themselves around my heart more strongly than ever. But I feel a strange willingness to leave them all. "The love of Christ constrains me;" for if he *died* for us, ought we not to suffer any thing for his glory; any thing to save our perishing fellow-men? Oh! J., will you not pray more than ever for the success of missions? Do pray for me. You know my unfitness for the work: but the Lord can do all things; only make for me *large* requests.

I intend going to Steubenville to-day, but shall not remain long. I expect J. to return

with me. Write soon and direct to Wheeling. Farewell, dear J.

Your ever affectionate

LOUISA.

JOURNAL, 1833.

April 25th, Pittsburgh, Pa.—I have bidden farewell to *home*, and most of my dear friends with no prospect of ever seeing them again in the present world. The Lord has helped me. I have felt an unusual degree of cheerfulness. And though tears will sometimes flow at the thought of never again seeing those persons and places that have long been dear to me, yet I thank the Lord that I feel, in a great measure, loosened from earth.

How important is the step I have taken! May the Lord enable me to accomplish that which is in my heart. May I always realize the responsibility under which I act! I feel that the privilege of the station I occupy is great; and "my soul does magnify the Lord, that he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden. For he that is

mighty hath done to me great things"* Many prayers are now offered up for me. Oh Lord! grant me grace according to every moment's need, to enable me to cease from self, and glorify thee. Amen. Amen.

LETTER TO HER SISTER-IN-LAW, MRS. M. A. W., OF MORGANTOWN.

Pittsburgh, April 27th, 1833.

DEAR SISTER M. A.

I snatch a few moments to commune with you in the only way which now remains to us. I have cause for gratitude in the cheerfulness of heart which the Lord in mercy bestows on me. I had, from the first, dreaded leaving Morgantown more than any thing I could think of; but grace was sufficient for me. At night, on reviewing my feelings through the day, I was convinced that it had been one of the happiest days of my life. I felt in reality as a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth, on my way to a happy home in the heavens.

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* Luke i. 46—49.

In New Geneva we bade farewell to * * *, to * *, and your uncle * * * *, and also to your brother J.; in Smithfield, to Miss E. C.; in Uniontown, to many friends: and here the hour of farewell will soon come. Be it so: and blessed be our God that he permits us to do all this in the hope of advancing his cause among the heathen.

Mr. Lowrie and myself are quite well at present; and have become so much accustomed to travelling that we scarcely feel the fatigue. As the time for our departure approaches I know not how to leave without seeing W. Dear Brother, he knows not how much I feel.

I fear I shall not see the Misses E. and S. O. We have sent out for Mr. L.'s sisters, as we have not time to visit Braddock's Field. I regard it as a great privilege to have the prayers of so many Christians. I feel strengthened by them. I trust our friends will not cease to pray for us while breath remains. Remember me most affectionately to them all; I cannot specify individuals. Farewell.

Your loving sister,

LOUISA A. LOWRIE.

LETTER TO MISS J. I. P. OF MORGANTOWN.

Baltimore, May 3d, 1833.

My Dear J.

I am almost too much fatigued to write; but think it best to inform our friends in Morgantown of our safe arrival here. You have, perhaps, heard from M. A., that we reached Pittsburgh on Thursday evening, April 25th. While in that city we found little time for rest, being almost constantly with company. Christian friends there were exceedingly kind and affectionate; and I regretted that we could spend no more time with them.

On Sabbath morning Mr. L. preached in Dr. Herron's church; in the afternoon in Mr. Swift's; and at night in Mr. J. Halsey's in Alleghenytown. The sermon at night was on the subject of missions, and was immediately followed by an address from Mr. Halsey. I wish you could have heard him. The church was crowded, but I could have wished that the world had been there. His looks, his gestures, his language, were all eloquent; and there was

evidence of a deep feeling pervading all he said, which I thought must reach every heart. He spoke in strong terms of the slothful, the contracted, the selfish spirit that prevailed among Christians. He said, "That from the first it was so. The apostles and first followers of our Lord saw no more than the wants of their brethren in Judea. They lingered about her borders, and would not '*Go into all the world,*' until Paul was 'born as one out of due time.' He seized the gospel torch and waved it through the world: and then persecution arose, and *drove* them all abroad." Again: he inquired, "Brethren, are foreign missions a *new thing?* Who was the first foreign missionary? The LORD JEHOVAH, whom we call *Christ.* He left the glories of heaven, and touched upon our earth as a missionary. Why, Brethren, I look upon myself as a converted heathen! Whom did our forefathers worship? and whom, if it had not been for the first foreign Missionary, would *we* have worshipped? Ask the days of the week. On *Sunday*, the sun; on *Monday*, the moon, and so on through

the week.* Why, brethren, the very elements of heathenism cleave about us, and shall we be forgetful of others?" I cannot give more of his address, but I thought it sufficient to arouse every heart. After meeting we walked to the Theological Seminary, and staid at Professor Halsey's. I felt it a great privilege, indeed, to become acquainted with both the Mrs. H.'s. We sat up late, unwilling to take time for sleep; and rose early on Monday morning, as a farewell meeting with the students, had been appointed before breakfast. As the meeting had not been published, I did not expect to see any but the inmates of the Seminary; but there was quite a large assemblage from Alleghenytown. When we entered the hall they were singing, "How firm a foundation," &c. Oh, it was sweet and comforting! I

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*Tuesday was named from *Tuisco*, the most ancient idol of the Germans and Saxons; Wednesday, from *Woden*, the Mars of the Saxons; Thursday, from *Thor*, an ancient idol of the same people; Friday from *Friga*, the Saxon Venus; and Saturday from Saturn.—[COMPILER.]

heard three fervent prayers offered for us, and for the Redeemer's cause; and three hymns were sung. But I could no longer endure the effects of the fatigue of the preceding day. The want of rest, and the close air of the room overcame me. I went out into the hall and while there fainted. I thus lost the farewell remarks of Professor Halsey which were said to be excellent. As soon as I had fully recovered I returned, and bade farewell to many brethren and sisters in Christ. After breakfast we went over to the city, and spent the day in company; so that there was scarcely time left for composing one's mind or even for prayer.

There was a farewell meeting held at night in Dr. Herron's church, which was well filled. Mr. L. and Mr. J. Halsey again delivered addresses: and some beautiful hymns were sung. Last of all. Mr. L. read the one commencing "Yes; my native land, I love thee." Copies had been previously distributed to the congregation; and it was sung in a most affecting manner. I could not forbear shedding tears of mingled sorrow and joy. Dr. Herron made a short

farewell address to Mr. Lowrie, and then we shook hands with more persons than I can now number. It was almost too much for flesh and heart to endure. After we passed into the street, I perceived Mr. Lowrie and Mr. A. B. hanging on each other's neck and weeping profusely. I thought surely *this is bitter*. But the parting with Mr. L.'s brothers and sisters was the hardest of all. Oh may the Lord overrule all for good! At four, on Tuesday morning, we left Pittsburgh. The scenes of the last few days were, altogether, too much for Mr. L.; and besides the heat of the weather was oppressive. He was quite ill all the way, and is now unable to proceed to the Newcastle Presbytery.

And now, dear J., I have filled my sheet with the particulars of our journey and have scarcely room to say how much I love you all. I am greatly comforted with the assurance that we shall be remembered in your prayers. Will you pray that, if it is consistent with the Lord's will, we may have good health? May the Saviour be with you all.

LOUISA A. LOWRIE.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO A LADY IN WHEELING.

Baltimore, May 6th 1833.

DEAR MRS. * * * *

On this day last year I was in the midst of friends, enjoying the prospect of ending my days with them; but I did not then feel as calm and as happy as I do now. This day is the anniversary of our dear Emily's death.* I think her death did much toward convincing me of the folly of remaining at home with a view to enjoy ease, happiness, or long life. She, in the midst of every temporal comfort and surrounded by friends who were ready to die for her, suffered the most intense agony, and went down to the grave in the bloom of youth.

"Why fly from ill, with anxious skill,
When soon this hand shall freeze,
This quivering lip be still."

I suppose it to be only in the path of duty that we may feel safe and enjoy an unshaken

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* A cousin of Mrs. Lowrie.

confidence that God will overrule all for good, even though the present may be shrouded in darkness. I think I am in the path of duty, and it is this confidence in God that supports me now. My home is far away—my friends are left behind; but the Lord is near, and heaven is before me.

LOUISA A. LOWRIE.

LETTER TO MISS A. E. P., OF MORGANTOWN.

Baltimore, May 17th, 1833.

DEAR A. E.

Your kind letter was received in due time, and was refeshing to me as news from dear home, when lonely among strangers. Mr. L. left this city a week since, and I felt a little desolate; and though it was pleasant to hear from home, and, in imagination, to seat myself with the dear circle assembled at your mother's for prayer, still I do not depend on these remembrances of the past for comfort but look upward and forward. *Onward* must be my course, and heavenward my eyes. I attended female prayer-meeting here this day week, and hope to go again this evening. I felt as if at home; there ap-

peared to be the same simplicity and affectionate feeling as in Morgantown. I hope you will not be discouraged on account of numbers: there are not many more who attend here than at M.

The assurance of an interest in your prayers, and those of other dear friends in M., is sweet consolation to me. I wonder that I grow so little in grace when I enjoy so many privileges. I do not recollect when I have been so much cast down on account of unworthiness, as since my arrival here. I have felt unfit to live, much less to engage in so holy and so blessed a work. And how can I, dear A., defiled as I am with sin, and going continually astray myself,—how can I be qualified to give advice to others? Outward faults we easily perceive; but these flow from springs of evil which lie hidden in the heart. The best way to know our faults is, to pray much, to watch continually, and to cherish an humble, teachable disposition, willing to see and to forsake whatever is wrong. We are apt to think if we were with this person, or in that place, we should become more eminent Christians. But whilst particular circumstances do affect our growth

in grace, this is not *necessarily* the case. All places are equally near to God. We can see light only in *his* light; and with no friend but him, with no teacher but the Holy Spirit, we may do his will more acceptably than when we have many objects of dependance.

A few days since, in looking over Mr. L.'s trunk, I found your mother's farewell note to him. I had not seen it before; and it brought the tears to my eyes. "*My Child!*" Oh, may she ever pray and feel for me, as if I were her own daughter! She has, indeed, been a mother to me.

The acquaintances I have formed here are most of them very pleasant. Perhaps two young ladies will accompany me to Philadelphia. We expect to meet many acquaintances from the West there. I have felt unusually serious, and sometimes melancholy since my arrival here; but never a moment's regret on account of my determination to leave all. All my gloom has arisen from dissatisfaction with myself. Remember me kindly to all my dear friends.

Yours in the love of Christ,

LOUISA A. LOWRIE.

The following pieces, written about this time in the albums of two friends, will show how beautifully she could blend serious feeling and instruction with the common mementos of affection.

"That life is long which answers life's great end."

"We are honoured in being placed here to live for the glory of God. That *God—who speaks and it is done*—should employ such *worms* as we are to accomplish His pleasure, is cause for continual rejoicing—but, added to this, He has promised a reward for the *little* we can do. 'They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.' 'Blessed prospect!—blessed privilege to labour for our Saviour here!—blessed hope to dwell forever in the presence of the Lord!

"Come life—come death—come then what will—
"His footsteps let me follow still."

LOUISA A. LOWRIE.

April 29th, 1833."

"There is no joy in the green-wood bower,
There is no joy in the fragrant flower;
There is nothing sweet in the balmy air,
To the heart that lingers in sadness there."

"As there is no place secure from the intrusion of sin, so all places are alike open to the visits of sorrow. Even in my quiet native vale, though, like Jerusalem of old, encompassed round about with hills, and separate from the gay and thoughtless world, —even there sin and death have visited, and taught its contented inhabitants that 'this is not our rest.' No! no! *home* with all its pleasant scenes, its placid river and verdant hills, its gardens and delightful walks, its friendships and loves, all these, all that earth *can* bestow, cannot give happiness to the soul, equal to that found in one hour spent (in obedience to the command of our Lord) in doing good to our fellow immortals. This world is beautiful, and some of its scenes are dear: but should our attachment to one loved spot, to one circle of friends, prevent us from obeying the command of Him who gave us *all?* No: the more he has given us here, the greater are our obli-

gations to leave all for Him. Can we, while partaking of the 'Spirit of Christ,' neglect to give bread to the hungry? And will we not hear the cry, 'We are famishing,' because it comes from afar? Can we live at ease, and be at rest, when we know the degraded condition of heathen females? Oh! let us not find joy in any thing—let our hearts 'linger in sadness,' until those spiritual blessings we enjoy, are conveyed to others.

"Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee;
Yet I gladly say, Farewell!
In the desert let me labour,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the precious Saviour,
To redeem a world from hell."

LOUISA A. LOWRIE."

JOURNAL 1833.

May 23d, Philadelphia.—On this day, two years ago, I was watching by the dying bed of my dear brother Eugenius. About nine in the evening his spirit took its flight, as I trust, to the world of the blessed. This evening, how different my circumstances!

far removed from the loved circle who wept with me around his bed, parted from them for life, and making one of a large congregation in Philadelphia, witnessing the ordination of my husband as a missionary to the heathen!

May 26th, Sabbath.—In the afternoon heard Dr. Spring, in the First Presbyterian Church. After sermon, the Lord's supper was administered to the members of the General Assembly [then in session] and as many other Christians as desired to partake with them. The body of the church was filled with communicants—our last communion season in a Christian land! How different will be our next if ever permitted to enjoy another!

NOTE TO HER SISTER-IN-LAW, MRS. A. P. C. AT STEUBENVILLE.

Philadelphia, May 27th, 1833.

Dear Sister A.

I have delayed writing, that I might inform you of the time of our sailing. And now the time is so near, and I have so much to do, that I have scarcely leisure to write

as I would wish. I remained two weeks in Baltimore with brother N. We reached here on Tuesday the 21st. Mr. L. was ordained on Thursday evening: I felt it to be the most highly privileged day of my life.

The people are very kind in assisting us, and supplying our wants. May the Lord reward them! The vessel will sail on Wednesday. She is the Star, Captain Griffin. The Captain is spoken of as a kind gentleman, somewhat advanced in years. In brother and sister Reed we shall have pleasant companions; and in Christ we shall find a never-failing friend, so that we need not fear. All will be well.

My health is bad, and my cough still continues, and appears to have materially weakened my lungs. Indeed, my bodily strength is not at all equal to what it was when I left you. My only hope of recovery is from the voyage. But I feel no anxious concern. All is with the Lord; and let him send life or death, whatever is *His* will, is *mine*. I only pray, "Father, glorify thyself" in me.

May our precious Saviour be with you! Pray ever for us. Farewell.

LOUISA A. LOWRIE.

JOURNAL, 1833.

May 27th, Monday.—Much engaged with company. No time through the day for private meditation or prayer; yet the Lord kept me in a tranquil frame of mind. In the evening visited at Mrs. K's., and afterwarsd attended the meeting of the Female Society for educating heathen youth. An interesting report was read by our kind friend, Mr. E., with an extract from Mr. Ramsey's last letter.

May 28th, Tuesday.—Through the day engaged with company. May the Lord direct their hearts to pray for us. In the afternoon attended a female prayer meeting. Was seated by the side of "Mother P—" and felt grateful for the affection she showed me. I think the Lord was with us, and answered us while we were yet speaking.

The languor, which had oppressed me

during the day, left me; and I was strengthened for the duties of the evening.

On the evening of Tuesday, May 28th, a missionary meeting, numerously attended, was held in the Second Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, to commend the missionaries, previously to their departure on the morrow, to the protection and blessing of God. The religious journals speak of it as the most deeply affecting and interesting occasion of the kind that had ever been witnessed in that city. The venerable Dr. Green, editor of the Christian Advocate, says, "This was to us the most interesting meeting that we ever attended. Every thing was calculated to excite solemn and delightful emotions. We saw a mission family going out under the auspices of the Presbyterian church, the object of our labours and our prayers for successive years. The family itself was amiable and interesting in no ordinary degree. Two young brethren of the most promising talents, with their wives, to whom they had been recently married, eminently qualified to be the partners

of missionaries, and not less devoted to the work than their husbands; all animated by one spirit a spirit of unreserved devotedness to the Redeemer, raising them above the world, and enabling them with tenderest affection, but with serious cheerfulness, and without a sigh or a tear, to bid adieu for life to kindred, friends, and country, that they might bear the messages of salvation to the benighted heathen. The exercises also were all appropriate and deeply impressive." "We know not that we were as much affected by any other singing that we ever heard, as we were by the following hymn when sung by the sweet voices of the missionaries and their wives."

"Yes, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes,—I love them well;
Friends, connections. happy country!
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Home! thy joys are passing lovely:
Joys no stranger heart can tell.
Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee!
Can I—can I say—*Farewell?*

Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days, and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well,
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleas'd I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

In the deserts let me labour:
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

Bear me on thou restless ocean!
Let the winds my canvass swell:
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell;
Glad I bid thee,
Native land! FAREWELL! FAREWELL!"

After the benediction had been pronounced, the missionaries addressed a few words to the waiting crowd. The Rev. Mr. Lowrie first spoke of the cheerfulness with which he and his associates were about to relinquish the endearments of home, and friends, and native land, to enter the distant field; and the desire they felt, not only that they might be remembered in the prayers of Christians, while upon the ocean, and in a foreign land, but that efforts to send the gospel to the heathen might be greatly increased in the churches in this country.

He was followed by the Rev. Mr Reed, who, in a feeling manner, touched upon the unhappy condition in which they were about to leave many in this country, who were careless and impenitent in the midst of the abundant means of grace they enjoyed.

The Hon. Walter Lowrie, Secretary of the Senate of the United States, whose son was one of the missionaries, then arose, at the earnest request of some of his friends, and addressed a few words to the assembly. This address, remarks the same Reverend Editor, "had in it more of the simpli-

city, and sublimity of Christian principle, aim, and motive than any thing we had ever before heard or read." He spoke of the strength of those attachments which a father might be supposed to feel, towards a dutiful and affectionate son—and an *eldest son:* and especially a son whose piety and self-consecration to the missionary work, were, in his mind, associated with the counsels and prayers of the departed wife—the sainted mother; whose eminent Christian graces and attainments, the occasion seemed so forcibly to recall. But he assured his Christian friends, that, though he felt, and *felt deeply*, at parting with these children, yet, instead of any feeling of reluctance or regret, he could say that he was willing, and even anxious that they should go:—that if there was any station which he envied, it was that which they were about to assume; and that he could freely part with every child he had, if they were going to leave their native shores, on such an errand.

But to give an adequate summary of these remarks, or to describe the manner in which they were delivered, or the effect which they

produced upon the audience, would be utterly impracticable. Though the exercises were protracted to a late hour, the people seemed unwilling to terminate the services of so delightful an evening.

JOURNAL, 1833.

May 28, *Tuesday evening.*—Attended the farewell meeting. Dr. Alexander's address was most inspiriting. The kindness of the people almost overcame me. Again and again the question arose in my mind, Why, O Lord, dost thou favour me thus? I felt stronger than for many weeks previous. After returning to Mr. J. P. E.'s, could scarcely refrain from weeping that this was the last evening we were to spend with these kind friends.

Wednesday.—At three o'clock, P. M., we were at the boat. The farewells were nearly all exchanged. Our friends stood watching on the shore; and above them all dear Mr. E. Tears would flow. I looked back until they were lost in the distance, and I then felt that home and friends were all

lost to me. A choking sensation came over me: I tried to look to heaven and there found some support. Yet my mind was in much confusion, and I only realized that most of those I loved on earth were left behind; that I should see them no more on this side the grave. And though I felt no desire to turn back, yet it seemed as if my heart strings were breaking asunder.

Nature seemed to mourn with me. The rain poured down and every thing looked gloomy, until a short time after our arrival at Newcastle, when the sun broke out, and a beautiful rainbow appeared in the heavens. The clouds which had appeared so dark, were tinged with brightness; and by these changes in nature, the promises of God were brought to my mind. I felt more of the blessedness of trusting in the Lord; and cheerfulness took possession of my breast. After tea at Newcastle, Mr. and Mrs. H. with other friends who had accompanied us, bade us farewell, and after a season of prayer, we retired to rest.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM DR. M. S. TO THE HON. EDGAR C. WILSON, OF MORGANTOWN.

Philadelphia, May 29th, 1833.

It will be highly gratifying to you and your friends, to know that the utmost kindness and attention, which Christian friendship is capable of exerting, was paid to your beloved sister, and her affectionate husband; and if the prayers of the righteous shall avail much, their success will be commensurate with their most ardent and holy desires.

Last night Mrs. S. and myself were with them until 11 o'clock, at which time, when I parted from your sister, she desired me to say to her friends, that "this was the happiest moment of her life." And I may add that it was a truly gratifying occasion, to see all the Rev. Clergy—the Fathers of the church, some of whom have long since retired from pastoral duties, come forward with all the fervency of youth, to commend these young missionaries of the cross to God, and to add their prayers to those of

the thronging multitude for their preservation and success. Believe me, my dear sir, few if any went away without shedding tears, and feeling that the occasion was one of peculiar solemnity. The thrilling sympathy which ran through the assembly, when they sung the "Farewell Hymn," was beyond expression. Even those who felt most deeply cannot adequately describe the moving scene.

Yours very truly,

M. S.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO HON. EDGAR C. WILSON, OF MORGANTOWN.

Ship Star, Delaware Bay, May 30th, 1833.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER:

Having arranged a few flowers, and seated myself in the cabin, I feel quite at home; and wish to tell you how happy I am. We left Philadelphia yesterday, at 3 o'clock, P. M. Several ladies and gentlemen accompanied us from that city, with father, and brother M., and Rev. Mr. Swift. We came on board this morning; many accompanied us—now all are gone. Our vessel is nobly stemming the tide with a fine

breeze, and now "Native land, farewell, farewell!" The desires of my heart are thus far accomplished. "I love the Lord because he hath heard my voice." "Bless the Lord, Oh my soul!" Last evening, sorrow filled my heart because I was so soon to leave all; but, at the same time, I rejoiced in the privilege. This morning I feel as cheerful as I ever did in my life.

Farewell. May God bless you all!

Your loving Sister,

LOUISA A. LOWRIE.

"P. S. I send this back by the pilot.

JOURNAL, 1833.

May 31*st*, *Friday*.—We all felt unwell, but tried to keep about. I thought much of the comforts of home, and was tempted to envy the ease of the wicked. Wished to be engaged for the conversion of the heathen, but wondered if the Lord could not employ some easier method to instruct them. Immediately I felt ashamed of my selfish love of ease. May the Lord forgive the sins of my thoughts during sickness!

June 2d, Sabbath.—Quite ill of sea-sickness. Prayers on deck, and a short public service during the day. Mr. Lowrie, though unwell, made some remarks on the 23d Psalm, showing the character of God as worthy of the confidence of his people. Felt willing to be in the Lord's hands, and know no will but his; but was too languid to feel much enjoyment.

June 9th, Sabbath.—All too ill, and weather too bad to have prayers; as had been the case during most of the preceding week. This is no day of rest to me. In the evening thought that the sickness of the day could not excuse my wandering, worldly thoughts. While Mr. L. was singing some hymns, the Lord granted me some views of the heavenly country, which made the sorrows of this life appear light. Shed tears of joy at the prospect of being one day with the Lord.

Monday.—I have to complain of the low state of piety in my heart. Feel much the want of a place for private prayer. Very little concerned for souls. Soul and body overcome with languor.

Tuesday.—Had some views of the necessity of a nearer walk with God. Weather bad—ship tossing—no fear of death—feel calmness of mind, but little love.

Wednesday.—Finished reading the life of Barr. The spirit he manifested condemns me. We concluded to hold conference meetings on Wednesday evenings. Subject for next evening, the first four verses of Col. iii.

Thursday.—Feel quite well—my mind clear. Had new desires for communion with God. Commenced with Sister Reed committing to memory some of the promises of God.

Friday.—Had prayers in the cabin for the first time. [*They had been held on the deck previously.*] Determined to study for Bible class, the 1st chapter of the Acts. Felt thankful for the kindness of the captain and officers of the ship. Had some pleasant conversations and begin to feel myself at home. This afternoon had a distant view of one of the Azores, or Western Islands. It did not look much like land, being dis-

tinguishable from the clouds only by the definiteness of the outline.

June 16th, Sabbath.—A very pleasant morning, but too calm to speed us on our way. Divine service on board at half past nine. All hands attend who are not on duty. Brother Reed preached from John iii. 7. "Ye must be born again." Had Bible class among ourselves at 4 o'clock. This has been a pleasant and I trust a profitable day to me; though I have felt not a little discouraged in view of my unfitness for every good work.

LETTER TO HON. E. C. WILSON OF MORGANTOWN.

Ship Star, near the Azores, June 18th, 1833.

Again, dear brother and sister, I write to you from the bosom of the vast waters: and now, as when last I wrote, with land in sight on both sides. Very soon after despatching my letter to you from Delaware Bay, we were all visited with sea-sickness. This was indeed a severe trial. After the pain of bidding farewell to friends and country, we were scarcely prepared to endure

this most depressing of maladies. Every thing about us appeared loathsome. Our cabin, about 20 by 18 feet, with a large table fastened down in the centre; and the little remaining space occupied by no less than twenty-five trunks, chests, boxes, and writing desks, piled up in all directions, surmounted by baskets, coats, cloaks, &c., &c., seemed too vile to live in, one day, to say nothing of four or five months. And then all the food had a peculiar ship-like taste, and our mouths seemed filled with salt water, and every thing looked disagreeable. Oh! my heart turned to the sweet scenes of home, and I thanked the Lord that you were there in the enjoyment of comfort and peace. But though I felt so cheerless, I do not recollect that I at any time regretted leaving you. And though my heart ached, and tears would flow, when past scenes of enjoyment rose to my view, yet I knew that in the service of the Lord, I could be happy here as well as there. Now, our sickness is pretty well over; and our minds resume their wonted elasticity. We look back to those we have left with calmness, and forward to

our work with joy. The Lord is our Shepherd, we shall not want. The weather, during the first two weeks of our voyage, was rough, and we had one quite severe gale. The ship several times seemed about to sink; but our minds were kept in peace. On inquiry of each other, it appeared that a watery grave had no terrors to our little family; and we felt that if we should go down, our Father was ready to receive our spirits. The weather has been pleasant for a few days; and we have seen more or less distinctly, eight of the Azores. We have now in sight St. Michael's on the north, and St. Mary's on the south. They are all very mountainous, and are inhabited by Portuguese, who cultivate the vine. Yesterday we were almost entirely becalmed: the ocean had the appearance of glass; and the sails flapping idly left the vessel to rock to and fro as the swells directed. This rest, after our stormy weather, is so pleasant, that we can scarcely wish for a change, though so necessary to the speed of our voyage; and it reminds me somewhat of the Christian's journey. Gales of affliction propel him most

swiftly towards heaven, yet the heart retains so much love of ease that it prefers the calm, although thereby kept longer out of port. Farewell.

L. A. LOWRIE.

LETTER TO THE SAME.

Funchal, Island of Madeira, June 29th, 1833.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER:

Through God's mercy we have arrived here in safety. On Sunday last we came in sight of the island; and when near enough dimly to distinguish its vineyards and cottages, were becalmed so completely, as to remain nearly in one spot for about eighteen hours. We had sermon as usual on deck. It was a most lovely day: all seemed calmness and peace. I think I never saw the glory of the Creator more plainly shown forth in his works, than when contemplating the scenery before me—all arranged with so much wisdom and beauty. The lofty cliffs of rock, extending around the base of the island, seemed to say to the waves, "Hitherto shalt thou come and no further." The towering mountains in some places appa-

rently cleft asunder, but covered with verdure, and dotted here and there with white chapels, and clusters of houses, wrung from the heart the acknowledgment, "Great and glorious are thy works, Lord God Almighty!" I have seldom enjoyed a more pleasant Sabbath. I was thankful that the calm prevented our getting into port, as all would have been confusion and Sabbath breaking: and the land being quite near, and the mountains so much resembling our own Alleghenies, filled my heart with pleasure. We had Bible-class in the afternoon; and remained later than usual on deck to enjoy the moonlight and balmy air. When the evening shades had almost hid the island from our view, a new scene was spread out before us. Brilliant lights from all the chapels, and glow-worm lights from the private dwellings, made their appearance in every direction; making the whole island, with the help of a little imagination, appear like a lower sky bedecked with stars. The next day about noon, we put into the harbour. Every heart was joyful, and every eye beamed brightly. In a short time all our gentle-

men were dressed in land-clothes, and looked like other beings. It was "St. John's day," when we arrived; and the bells of all sizes and tones were ringing merrily. Pleasure boats were rowing about on the water—the Portuguese all dressed in their best attire—and nothing appeared to damp the joy of our hearts. After the health officers had visited the ship, and ascertained that there was no sickness among us, two custom-house officers were placed on board, to prevent smuggling, and then leave was given to go on shore. Several Americans came on board, being acquainted with some of our passengers. They seemed like brothers to us in this strange land. Oh, if you could but see this island, as it appears to one coming into port! Imagination never pictured any thing to my mind so beautiful. The white houses of Funchal rising in beautiful irregularity one above another, on the steep commencement of the tremendous mountain, which spreading to the right and left, nearly hides its summit among the clouds; the vines and flowers among the houses; and farther up, above the city, the vineyards speckled with

white cottages; here and there a cluster of trees, and occasionally a patch of wheat; near to the summit of the mount, the spacious and beautiful convent of *La nostre Signora del Monta;* while on the right and left, as far as vision extended, were irregular hills covered with verdure.

On a nearer inspection of the city, every thing appeared ancient. The high walls looked as if they had been built for ages. We were admitted through a gate guarded by sentinels. The streets are about twelve feet wide, paved with round stones, swarming with flies and other insects, and withal very steep. Every thing reminded me of the scenes described in old Spanish Romances; and every house looked like a nunnery. The walls between the houses are overhung with ivy and flowers of various kinds; and we could see above them the arbours of grape vines. Every window, every chink was stuck with flowers and greens, in honour of the day. We walked up to the "*quinta,*" or country seat of Mr. P., (with whom we lodge,) which is about a mile from the water's edge. The natives were very polite, always

taking off their funnel-shaped hats as they passed. Mr. P.'s house is situated in the midst of a large garden, beautifully terraced, surrounded by a high wall overhung in many places with vines and flowers, and filled with every thing which can delight the eye or gratify the taste. The tall sycamore, oak, and cypress, overshadow the banana, fig, orange, and lemon, geraniums and larkspurs. The richest tropical plants dwell harmoniously with hollyhocks, marigolds, and many American flowers. Truly, when the gate was opened, and we were ushered into this garden of delights, the birds carolling sweet welcome, it appeared like Eden, after the storms and sickness of ocean life. I trust I did, indeed, thank the Lord that he had directed us here. Mr. P. is an English Methodist. He and his family do all in their power to make us comfortable and happy. We had no letters of introduction, yet Providence guided us here, where we probably enjoy more spiritual and temporal comfort than we could have found at any other place on the island. We expect to be here perhaps two weeks—much longer than

we anticipated. We wish to employ the time in study, and as the climate is delightful we feel strong. We are to hold a social meeting here this evening: a few English people will assemble. They are generally of the Church of England. They have a church and a pastor; but are far from being strict. The Portuguese are all Roman Catholics—as submissive to the priests as they were two hundred years ago. The government is very despotic and the people are much oppressed.

While at sea my cough was better. It is now worse, and my breast is very weak. I have now very little expectation of recovery. Mr. Lowrie thinks, however, that our residence in this mild climate, and the subsequent voyage, may restore me. All is with the Lord, and in his hands I leave it. And now I could *say on* for hours, how often I think of you, even with tears; how my heart clings to you, to my dear home, and all my dear friends in Morgantown; but this would be useless. It is sufficient to say that distance does not diminish my affection; and that nothing could reconcile me to this

separation, but the blessed prospect of being more useful in the service of my Lord.

May the God of peace be with you. Farewell. L. A. LOWRIE.

LETTER TO MRS. H.

Funchal, Island of Madeira, July 12th, 1833.

DEAR MRS. H.

I remember your injunction, to write, as if sitting by your side, giving a simple narration of events—but I cannot feel as much interested, as if you were here, occasionally asking a question, giving a smile of encouragement, or word of advice.

The gloom which hung over my mind during the last evening I spent with you—the last I spent in loved America—passed away with the night; the next morning my heart was as cheerful as the day was bright. I think, without a tear, we all said the last farewells, and almost without a sigh looked for the last time on our native land. Supporting grace was given us, I believe, in answer to the prayers of friends.

But it will not do to "number only the hours that are bright." We have had some

hours of darkness. When sea-sickness came on, strength both of mind and body almost failed us. With me faith's vision was, in a great measure, obscured. I could only see the pleasant scenes of home—hear the kind tones of long-loved voices—and weep that I should enjoy them no more. Yet even at such times, the cry of my heart was "Onward." But, with all our discouragements, our comforts have abounded—"hitherto the Lord hath helped us," and we cheerfully commit our way for the future to his direction. Though our residence on this island has, in many respects, been pleasant, yet we are glad that the time draws near when we will again be on our way. We expect to sail to-morrow.

Faith and patience appear to me to be more necessary for persons in our circumstances, than any other graces—though favoured with every temporal blessing. Yet the separation from friends and christian privileges, and uncertainty as to our own future course, would make us very unhappy, were it not that we are, in some measure, enabled to look to the recompense of reward,

and believe that God will make all things work together for our good.

I am not able as yet to give you an entire list of the articles necessary for a voyage. Thus far, the principal thing I have felt the want of, was warm loose clothing—cool sea-breezes and continuous rains are rather chilling, and on ship-board we have no fire. I have sometimes found it necessary to sit wrapped in a cloak over my warmest winter clothing. Double calico wrappers, of dark material, would be very convenient; but of these things we will know better when the voyage is completed. For your kind attentions to us, I cannot express my thanks. I trust you feel the reward in your own soul.

I might say much of the beautiful scenery and pleasant climate of this island, but I refer you to Mrs. ———'s letters to some of her friends, which I presume you will see. Of this place too we may say, "Here every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." We seem to have gone back to the times before the reformation, so great is the ignorance of the people, and their subjection to the priests. All their rites and ceremonies

remind me of the heathen. Mr. Lowrie has gone out to walk, leaving me a charge to "be short," as writing is injurious to me. If he were here, I know he would have some word of remembrance to dearly beloved Professor H. and yourself. Present my kind remembrance to your good husband and his brother. I hope we are often remembered by you at a throne of grace. We all enjoy good spirits now—though we will doubtless have another visit of sea-sickness and consequent gloom when re-embarked. During sea-sickness my cough almost left me, but returned with our approach to land. But I am writing too long. May the Lord give to both Professor H. and yourself, health and length of days, if it be his holy will, and increased usefulness while life shall last.

Yours, I trust, in the bonds of christian love,

LOUISA ANN LOWRIE.

JOURNAL 1833.

July 10th.—We have been on this island more than two weeks,—much longer than

we expected. I think the health of all is improved by our residence in this pleasant climate: and we have had more opportunities for reflection, and mental improvement, than we had previously enjoyed for a long time. I trust the Lord is with us, in our social meetings. At the monthly concert, though but four in number, I think the promise has been verified to us.

When I review my life and consider how kindly the Lord has led me along,—that "when my father and mother forsook me, then the Lord took me up,"—that by his Spirit, by his mercies, as well as his afflictive dispensations, he has sought to win my heart to himself; how he now gives me comfort on every side, kind friends, a most affectionate husband, who is a spiritual helper to me; cheerfulness of soul while separated from home and friends, and a blessed prospect of everlasting bliss; when I think of all this, I trust the goodness of God leads me to repentance. Oh, I would love him more! But this earthly heart still cleaves to self and to things below.

July 11*th.*—To-morrow, perhaps, we

shall resume our voyage. This has been a pleasant rest. I dread the sea-sickness and the confinement of the ship too much: but I would not stop by the way. No: if it be the Lord's will, I pray him to spare my life a little longer to labour in his dear cause—to take us swiftly on, and make us a blessing to many generations.

July 12th.—This is the last evening I expect to spend on land for a long time; perhaps ever! I cannot, without regret, leave this beautiful scene. But why should I feel any regret since the Lord goes with us? Farewell, then, pleasant land, farewell ye verdant hills, flowery gardens, and singing birds! If the ocean is to be my grave, and these pleasant prospects no more greet my eye on earth, oh! may I, through infinite mercy, be admitted to dwell in that land where

> "——Everlasting spring abides
> And never withering flowers."

Amen. Come, Lord Jesus!

July 29th.—We left Madeira on the

13th instant. I felt much regret on leaving that scene of quiet, where the Lord had in secret so sweetly visited my soul; but my mind was kept in perfect peace for nearly two days. I think I felt no desire but that God's will should be done. Had another visitation of sea-sickness, but not very severe; neither was my soul cast down so much as before. Have not felt the same yearnings after the society of distant friends. For this I would praise the Lord; for it was a source of unhappiness to me. The weather has been unexpectedly pleasant: and though we have been for some time within the Torrid Zone, yet we have not found the heat very oppressive. Indeed we are surrounded with mercies. I have to lament that I do not improve my time: my mind appears relaxed, and I am confused by the constant noise around me. This may in part be ascribed to ill health, as I have continual pain in my head. But I fear my sickness is not sanctified to me. And though I have no fear of death, yet I sometimes am afraid that, on account of my unworthiness, I shall be left to grope my way

in darkness at the last hour. Lord Jesus, prepare and receive my spirit!

On Friday last we "spoke a vessel." This is quite refreshing after being long at sea. Yesterday was Sabbath, and I think it was a profitable one to me. Felt more than usually prayerful, and had many sweet thoughts of heaven. In the afternoon was afflicted with head-ache, so that I could not enjoy Bible-class. Many persons, of whom I have read, enjoyed so great a degree of spiritual comfort as almost to forget bodily pains. Oh Lord, make me as I should be! In all circumstances, give me submission and cheerfulness. Amen.

She wrote no more in her Journal after this date, and very little to her friends. The few letters given in the sequel are all the compiler has been able to collect.

LETTER TO MISS R. C., OF FAYETTE CO. PA.

Ship Star, Atlantic Ocean, near the Equator, August 5th, 1833.

My Dearest Mrs. C.

This is but a poor substitute for the plea-

sant intercourse we used to enjoy together. And when I think how long it will be before this reaches you, and how much longer before an answer can reach me, my heart sinks within me. Oh how pleasant would it be this morning to hear from *you*, and all my dear friends! I may never hear from them again in this world; but our Father in heaven knows of their welfare, and cares for them, and this should be sufficient. I often wonder that I am so happy here. If it were not for the wanderings of my heart from God, I think I should indeed be very happy; but a ship is a poor place for devotion. I fear our friends at home are not aware how much we need their prayers. We were twenty four days on the passage from Philadelphia to Madeira—the weather rough, and we much of the time sea sick. We were about three weeks at Madeira. On the 13th of July we re-embarked, and were again visited with sea-sickness; but the Lord has sustained us, and we have been enabled to look back without regret and forward with hope. Until within a week, my health has been gradually failing. I

can now have no doubt that consumption has a firm hold of me. For the last week I have been better. You cannot imagine how much more favourable the sea air is, than that of the land. Thus far we have had very few days uncomfortably warm: and now, near the Equator, I am sitting thickly clothed, and wrapped in a shawl. This is owing to the cool breezes; and we esteem it a great favour." Referring to their accommodations in the ship, she writes, "my *berth* was just under Mr. L.'s, and being very low, I could only lie with my face to the front, as when I turned I could not get my breath. It was very warm and, moreover, thickly inhabited by cock-roaches. I always felt tired on going to bed, but much more so when I arose in the morning. But this evil is over. The Captain was kind enough at Mr. L.'s suggestion, to have a little frame erected at one side of the cabin; and I now sleep quite comfortably, considering all things, such as the tossing of the ship, &c. The Captain does every thing in his power to make us comfortable. The officers are kind; and the steward, or chief

servant, is very attentive and obliging. Have we not much to be thankful for? Will you not join with me in rendering thanks to the Lord for all he has done for us? Our officers and passengers respectfully attend morning and evening worship. There is another cause for gratitude; we have a physician on board. Dr. Huffnagle is very attentive.

Dearest friend! My mother's friend and mine! It is needless to say how often we talk of you, how often I dream of you, and how much oftener I think of you. Glad would I be to know if S.'s health is restored, or if she is going swiftly to the grave. I sometimes think I shall meet with * * * M. A. and S. first. They all seemed near to eternity when I left them. I do not now think a great deal about India; because I hardly expect to reach there: though I *may* be spared. The Lord will direct, and I leave it with him. I trust he will choose suitable labourers for the heathen: perhaps he does not need *me*. If so, he can raise up many others in my place. I have written enough for this time, and with unceasing

love to you and to all dear friends, I now say, Farewell.

LOUISA A. LOWRIE.

LETTER TO HER SISTER, MRS. A. P. C., AT STEUBENVILLE.

Ship Star, South Atlantic Ocean.
S. Lat, 18°, *August* 13*th*, 1833.

MY DEAR SISTER A.

Our knowledge of each others situation is about equal. *You* know that, if living, I am wandering somewhere on the vast ocean. And I know that you are somewhere within the bounds of North America. This is rather a slight acquaintance with our affairs, to satisfy the heart that once gave utterance to the sentiment,

"Together, down life's swelling tide,
Oh sweetly may our vessels glide;
And may we anchor side by side,
My Sister!"

But still, dear A., though in life our vessels are widely separated, we may hope yet to "anchor side by side" on the shores of the heavenly Canaan. Thanks to the Lord

for this sweet prospect! It is sufficient to cheer us in the darkest hours of our pilgrimage. I look back with great pleasure on the last few days I spent with you; and feel very grateful that we were so cheerful, and enjoyed each other's society without any painful solicitude about the final separation soon to take place. I do thank the Lord for that visit. I was encouraged, in view of toils I might have to undergo, by seeing you so cheerfully adapt yourself to circumstances, and find so much pleasure in the service of the Lord in every situation.

August 15th.

Again I sit down to talk with you a short time, dear A. We have just *spoken* a whale ship, four months from New Bedford. This is the third vessel we have spoken since we left Madeira. It is perhaps the most interesting occurrence that takes place at sea. Where there is so little variety, so little to excite, meeting with, and speaking to, persons in circumstances similar to our own, is very pleasant. At one time, a little north of the Equator, there were six ships in sight,

from our deck. We did not get very near any but two of them, but still they appeared like company. The usual route to India is very crooked. First we sail an easterly course almost as far as Africa; then west to a point almost in sight of South America; then very far south of the Cape of Good Hope, before we *double* it. This zigzag course is adopted in the outward passage, in order to secure favourable winds. In the homeward passage, the course is much more direct. You have doubtless heard of me before this time, and know of our pleasant stay at Madeira. But, agreeably as we were situated, we all preferred to be on our way, at the rate of seven knots an hour, towards our destined port. I did not expect to feel so patient and contented during the voyage: but we are all favoured with freedom from care and anxiety. Surely it is the most pleasant of all frames of mind, just to commit all things to the Lord, knowing no will but his."—[*She left this letter unfinished.*]

After the ship had made the region of the

Cape of Good Hope, where the weather was rather cold, her cough became much worse; and it was now quite apparent that disease was slowly, but surely, wasting her strength. She herself did not anticipate from the first, any recovery, and long before had commenced setting her house in order, and preparing for her last change. "Familiar thoughts slope the way to death," a remark she had written on a blank leaf of her Testament, seemed to express the employment of her mind, and the composing influence of timely preparation.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THE REV. JOHN C. LOWRIE TO HIS FATHER.

Sept. 8th, Lat, 37° S., Long. 42° E.

My Dear Father:

I again take my pen to communicate some particulars of our voyage. Since I last wrote we have been in the very gates of death, with scarcely any hope that our lives would be preserved. We were about 200 miles south of the Cape yesterday week. On Monday last the wind blew very fresh; and by three o'clock the next morning, (about

the time Christians were assembled at the monthly concert in America,) the gale was very strong. No description I have ever read presents to the mind any adequate idea of the sublime terror of such a scene. The waves were very high; and the wind was so strong, that it carried the tops of the broken waves, in large drops and mist, for a great distance in a horizontal direction. If you imagine, in addition to this, the extreme danger of our situation, you may have some faint idea of our feelings. The first mate told me, that it was the hardest gale he had seen for six years; and all our cabin passengers, including our experienced captain, concurred in calling it a very hard gale: such as they suppose will occasion the loss of some ships.

In the midst of all, our little company were mercifully kept in peace. At one time, when a tremendous wave broke, and spent its force under the ship's stern, causing the vessel to stagger and shake in every joint, I felt a momentary misgiving. It seemed as if we were then going down into the depths of the ocean: but immediately I

tried to look away from the danger around to the Lord Jesus; and, blessed be his name! I felt calm and at peace.

We are still in usual health except Louisa. She seems to be fast sinking under the disease; and it is even doubtful whether she will live to reach Calcutta. Oh Lord, "if this cup may not pass from me, thy holy will be done!"

The warm latitude into which the ship entered on doubling the Cape had the effect of mitigating the more violent symptoms, and no doubt prolonged her days; though she was now so feeble that even her nearest friend, anxious as he was to indulge hope, had to abandon all expectations of recovery. And henceforth her companions could only watch, with painful but unavailing interest, her daily progress to the grave.

NOTE TO MRS. R. C. OF FAYETTE CO. PA.

Indian Ocean, Sept. 26th, 1833.

It is a long time since I have written to you, dear Mrs. C.; and in the mean time we have passed from one ocean to another. We

have had short days and long nights, and some weeks of complete winter weather; and also have encountered two fearful storms. It is awful, indeed, to see so small a vessel tossed about at the mercy of such tremendous winds and waves. But through the goodness of God, we were kept from fear; knowing that we were in the hands of Him who rules both winds and waves. It appears almost miraculous that we escaped death. I did not myself see much of the storm; and during the cold weather I thought it best to lie in bed most of the time, to keep warm. We are again in pleasant weather, with favouring breezes, and hope to see land in about three weeks. I am very weak, but suffer no pain, except occasionally, under my shoulder. I have more comforts on board ship, than you would suppose: and I may say it to you, because I know you will not misinterpret me, and will be glad to hear it, that my dear husband is as kind and minute in his attentions to me in my sickness, as even you could desire. Farewell.

L. A. Lowrie.

Owing to extreme feebleness she now seldom attempted to write. From a very short letter to two ladies at Pittsburgh, we extract a single paragraph; which will be read with the greater interest, when it is known that these are the last lines she ever wrote. They afford pleasing evidence that she was "faithful unto death."

"We hope to reach land in a few days. I rejoice at the prospect, though I believe it is only while on the sea that my life can be prolonged. Sister Reed grieves at the prospect of being without a female companion. I hope she may not be left long alone, but that others will soon follow us. Although I may be cut off in the midst of my days, without having done any thing for the poor heathen, still I hope others may not be deterred from doing their duty. I will not attempt to write more now. If I have life and strength spared, I shall try to finish this letter at Calcutta. Until then, dear friends, farewell."

The following extracts from the notes, taken by her husband at the time, will show

the state of her mind in the prospect of death.

Indian Ocean, Lat. 2° N., Long. 82° E.

Oct. 2d, 1833.*—On my expressing a hope that possibly her life might yet be spared, she replied, "I do not wish that.—I do not want to travel over the road again, after being so near the end." And, in reference to her life being prolonged until we should reach Calcutta, she said, that she felt no solicitude about it; and did not wish to pray for it, lest it might not be for the best.

On my telling her that our connexion had been of great benefit to me; and, I had no doubt, if my life were spared, would contribute to my greater usefulness; she observed, "The assurance of that far more than repays all." She had before said, as she said frequently, that she did not regret having engaged in this work.

I asked, if she felt regret that she was prevented from engaging in personal labour

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* There was very little hope of her being spared, through this day.

among the heathen. "No: the Lord sees it best that I should not—perhaps I am not a fit person; and perhaps he may use my example to raise up others to fill my place." Throughout this day her mind was in great peace.—Expressed herself as quite willing to die to-night, if the Lord should send for her.

October 3d, Thursday.—I read the 21st and part of the 22d chapter of Revelations. She remarks, "The hearing of these things makes me impatient to be gone." Again, when speaking of the possibility of recovery, "I seem to have got almost up to the gate. To dwell in the land of Beulah would not be pleasant compared with heaven;—but it is not desirable to think of returning to the cares and sins of life."

Oct. 6th, Sabbath, Lat. 12° 40′ *N.*—In the afternoon we administered the sacrament of the Lord's supper. At the time, she said that she had not enjoyed as much comfort as on some former occasions. In the evening I asked her if she could calmly lie down and sleep, not knowing whether she should again awake. She answered. "Yes: I feel that confidence at all times."

They arrived at Calcutta on the 15th of October, where she received every attention from the affectionate and Christian sympathy of the Rev. W. H. Pearce and lady, of the Baptist mission, in whose kind and generous hospitality they shared. There she lingered in much feebleness and great pain until the hour of her departure.* The

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* Mr. Pearce is a son of the late Rev. Samuel Pearce, of Birmingham, England, whose Memoirs have been so favourably received in this country.

Some verses written by this beloved Missionary, and presented to Mrs. Lowrie, will be read with interest. They happily express a most precious truth.

To my dear Christian Friend, Mrs. L. A. Lowrie.

A CONSOLATORY THOUGHT.

"David to build the house desired;
Yet was his wish denied:
'"Twas in thy heart,' Jehovah said,
'With that I'm satisfied.'

So didst thou wish, beloved friend,
To raise his temple here.
God has the pious wish approved,
And thou his love shalt share.

God needs us not: were all removed,
His temple must arise.
Then, as *he* wills, we'll serve on earth,
Or triumph in the skies."

following further extracts from the notes, taken down by her afflicted husband, at her bed side, will be interesting to the reader.

November 9th, Calcutta.—Last night my dear wife had much fever and severe pains. At one time she wondered if she would find * *† in heaven, when she arrived there. This led to a conversation respecting different friends who might be there: some of them very unexpectedly to us. At length I remarked that, whoever was absent, the blessed Saviour would be there. "Oh yes! yes! yes!" she replied, "and that will make up for all other friends."

Nov. 12th.—She complained of heart sickness.—Has been very feeble, and hardly able to speak above her breath;—her mind cheerful. She joined with me in singing the Hymn, "How vain are all things here below," and, at her request, Mrs. R. and myself sung "Jerusalem my happy home;" a favourite hymn.

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† A beloved sister-in-law, whom she left in very feeble health in America.

Afterwards she said, "I am afraid I have set my heart too much on going to night;" and then expressed a willingness to wait the Lord's time.

She expressed a deep sense of her own unworthiness, and her hope and confidence of being accepted for the Saviour's sake.

Nov 15*th.*—Louisa is better to-day, and her mind is very cheerful. Almost the whole day a smile played over her pallid features. She said that when her mind was active it was almost constantly resting upon Jesus.

Nov. 16*th.*—My dear wife has been apparently on the verge of the grave to-day, being very feeble indeed. Extremities and forehead cold—and a cold perspiration on her face. Her mind still cheerful and composed. Dr. G. supposed it scarcely probable that she would live through the day. When at her own request, she was informed of this opinion, she exclaimed, "O blessed hope!" In the afternoon she revived a little, and then expressed "her fear that the Lord would not take her to-day."

Nov. 21*st.*—In the morning I addressed

her with "The Lord bless thee, my dearest wife, and keep thee this day!" She immediately added, "And take me to himself!" I asked, "Does your mind feel no disquietude about dying far from home and friends?" "No: it is as easy to die here as there." "Do you still feel no fear of death?" "No: not any."

In the evening she desired me to seek some rest. I lay down, but tried in vain to sleep, and rose about 8 o'clock. Soon after, she wished me toallow Nancy, [the coloured woman] to retire and attend to some of her own matters. Still she rested with her usual ease, excepting from her side, which had become sore from continual lying on it. I was reading by her bed-side a review of Southey's life of Bunyan; and had just read a quotation from the Pilgrim's Progress, where, after he had seen the pilgrims enter the heavenly city, he adds, "Which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them,"—when she gave a sudden moan, and wished me to raise her up. This I immediately did, placing myself in the bed, and supporting her head on a pillow in my

lap. She wished to be raised higher; and her pain being most acute, caused her to cry out. I raised her head so that she reclined on my breast. By this time, brothers Reed, Winslow, and others came in. She was in very great pain, similar to that experienced ten days ago, except that this was seated more in the region of the heart. Brother W. then held her head, while I supported her in my arms. It was now apparent that she was going; we mentioned some brief passages of Scripture, as "My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart," &c. She said, "Is this dying?" and soon after, "O my Saviour!" Her breathing then became more free, and her pain less, until directly, her head resting on my face and shoulder, she gently breathed her last about half past nine o'clock, P. M. The dying struggle was not more than ten minutes in duration. Brother Winslow and myself had both been offering, aloud, short prayers to the Saviour to support and to receive her; and immediately afterwards, brother W. led us all in an appropriate and affectionate prayer, thanking the Lord for

his goodness to her, and supplicating grace to sustain and sanctify her bereaved partner and friends.

LETTER FROM REV. JOHN C. LOWRIE TO HON. E. C. WILSON, AT WASHINGTON CITY.

Howrah, opposite Calcutta, Nov. 26, 1833.

My Dear Brother.

I hope you will have received my letter by the Virginia, before this arrives; and that your mind will be in some measure prepared to hear sad tidings. Truly we live in a world where there is much to distress, and very much to induce us not to place our affections on things below, but to have our hearts in heaven. Every removal of a Christian friend, and especially of a beloved relative who is taken from this dark scene to an eternal abode in the regions of blessedness, should make us feel more indifferent to this life, and more anxious to enjoy that rest into which they have entered. *There* is no sorrow, because there is no sin: *there* is no mournful separation, but endless communion in the world of light. Then 'Why do we mourn departing friends?' We

may not weep for *them*, however we may weep for *ourselves*.

I trust all our dear friends will be in some measure prepared to hear of Louisa's departure. Her spirit took its upward flight on last Thursday evening. [After mentioning the particulars of her death which have already been given, Mr. L. continues:] On the following day, (Friday 22d,) her mortal remains were committed to the grave in the Scotch burial-ground, just as the sun was sinking below the horizon. I could not but think that, like that luminary, her body shall re-appear; clothed with immortality, and shining in new beauty and glory, long after the sun and the moon shall have faded away in the heavens. Her closing hours on earth were peace: now she rests with the Lord, and evermore will be happy as she is glorious.

I cannot sufficiently express my deep gratitude to the Rev. Mr. Pearce and lady, for their affectionate sympathy and great kindness. I hope the Lord will reward them. I was also truly grateful to N. R., a coloured woman, originally from New

York, for her kind, faithful services. To brother Winslow also I feel deeply indebted: he has, not long since, been called to part with his own dear wife. Brother and sister Reed deeply feel our common loss.

But oh! my dear brother, what shall I say respecting myself? God only knows the intense bitterness of heart I have felt. At times a choking sensation, and a cold desolation and sinking of heart, quite overpower me. Yet I would not, if I could, bring her back to this sorrowful world. Rather, if we love her, should we rejoice, as the Saviour taught his disciples to do respecting himself, for she too is gone 'to the Father.' Nor would I murmur: certainly the Lord is still as good as he is sovereign and wise; and he is still our Heavenly Father. The Saviour is still a most affectionate and sympathizing brother, and the Holy Spirit is still a blessed comforter. Oh no! I would not murmur. But I would greatly rejoice to be prepared, as she was, to die; and then to be taken *home* (for alas! I am more than solitary and a stranger on

earth) to the same blessed mansion of glory: and with my dearest wife there, and my dear departed mother, and other beloved friends, evermore to praise the Saviour, and rejoice perfectly in him.

May this most severe dispensation be sanctified to us all! Oh may the Lord God of our fathers, and of our glorified friends, guard and guide you all through life, sustain and comfort you in death, and receive you all to his own glory above! And may I too, however unworthy, be a partaker of the same grace and glory!

Your truly affectionate brother,

JOHN C. LOWRIE.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MR. LOWRIE TO MISS J. I. P. AND MISS C. B. OF MORGANTOWN.

"It seemed strange that she [Mrs. L.] should lose strength faster while at the island of Madeira than on board ship: for it is customary for English physicians to send consumptive persons there, as to a place of health. While there, we usually took a walk in the morning before break-

fast; and I can truly say that the recollection of those frequent rambles, among the vineyards, the orange and the fig-trees, will never fade from my mind. She seemed so happy, and her mind was so heavenly, that it was impossible not to imbibe, at least, a portion of her spirit. I have referred to our sojourn on that island to prepare the way for a remark which has impressed my mind:—that while there she was fast ripening for a better world; and also, that, from her not being so well (even at Madeira) on land as at sea, it seems quite probable her days would have been much fewer, had she remained in the changeable, unfriendly climate of the United States. It is certain that she failed more rapidly after we reached Calcutta, although we have had delightful weather; (excepting the two first weeks which were rather warm) the cool season having commenced about the time we arrived. While on ship-board, there certainly were inconveniences and restraints which were irksome especially to a sick person. Yet we had so many comforts and so many privileges, beyond what are common, that I

think none of us felt disposed to complain or repine. The noise on deck, from the men working, annoyed me more I believe than it did her; for I had not her patience nor her grace. It was well for us that we had a kind-hearted captain, who was quite *fatherly* in his care of us, and a physician who felt a deep interest in her recovery. Dr. H. was unwearied in his efforts to afford relief: for a long time rising every night at the hours of 12 and 4, to administer the medicines. Indeed it was the happy talent of my dear, dear wife to engage the affections of all who were around her. The steward was quite anxious to serve her, often preparing things of his own accord: all the men seemed to sympathize with her. I mention these things knowing that *you* will feel an interest in every particular connected with one so dearly beloved.

J. C. Lowrie.

The following is the inscription on a black marble tablet, inserted in a head-stone in the Scotch burial-ground, Calcutta.

Sacred

to the memory of

LOUISA ANN,

THE BELOVED WIFE OF THE

REV. JOHN C. LOWRIE,

AMERICAN MISSIONARY;

WHO DIED NOV. 21ST, 1833;

AGED 24 YEARS.

She was lovely in life,
and peaceful in death;
now she is blessed.
Rev. xiv. 13.

Thus has closed the short but brilliant career of another eminent Christian, another devoted missionary. We may not weep for her. Oh no! but we may weep for ourselves. She has left many affectionate friends whose hearts were "bound up" in her life:

she has left her dear companions in the mission, and her husband solitary and desolate in heart; and she has been taken from the service of the poor, dying heathen. Like Harriet Newell she was only permitted to see the wretched beings whom she went to teach; and her prayers for their conversion ascended from the midst of the heathen; and like the same sainted missionary (whom in many respects she much resembled) it has been her lot to seal, by an early death, her testimony to the unspeakable importance of the enterprise for the conversion of the world. The compiler of these memoirs might say much of the solidity of her mental endowments, of the sweetness of her disposition, and of the pure and elevated character of her piety: and he might say all this from his personal knowledge, for she was in a great measure brought up under his ministry, and received the baptismal rite from his hands. But he has preferred that her various excellencies should, as far as possible, appear through the medium of her own writings. He must however say that highly as she was prized and beloved by all

that knew her here, a perusal of her private papers has satisfied him that her true value was known only in heaven. Few, very few, have ever felt so ardent a desire to make known the way of salvation to the perishing heathen, and still fewer have possessed such distinguished qualifications for the work. Among the last expressions of her feeling on this subject, when she found that her dearly cherished hopes were about to be disappointed, was this, "I do pray that the cause of God may prosper, whatever becomes of me." May a kindred spirit pervade the entire church! Then, though one or many fall, more will arise to fill their places, and the work of the Lord will go forward. Then "*the Lord will make bare his holy arm in the eyes of all nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.*"

THE END.

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